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SEPTEMBER 13, 1974

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on The Prisoner of San Clemente

—see page 1060

EXCLUSIVE

'How I Lost My Virginity and Ended Up at the United Nations'

From Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s

United Nations Journal:

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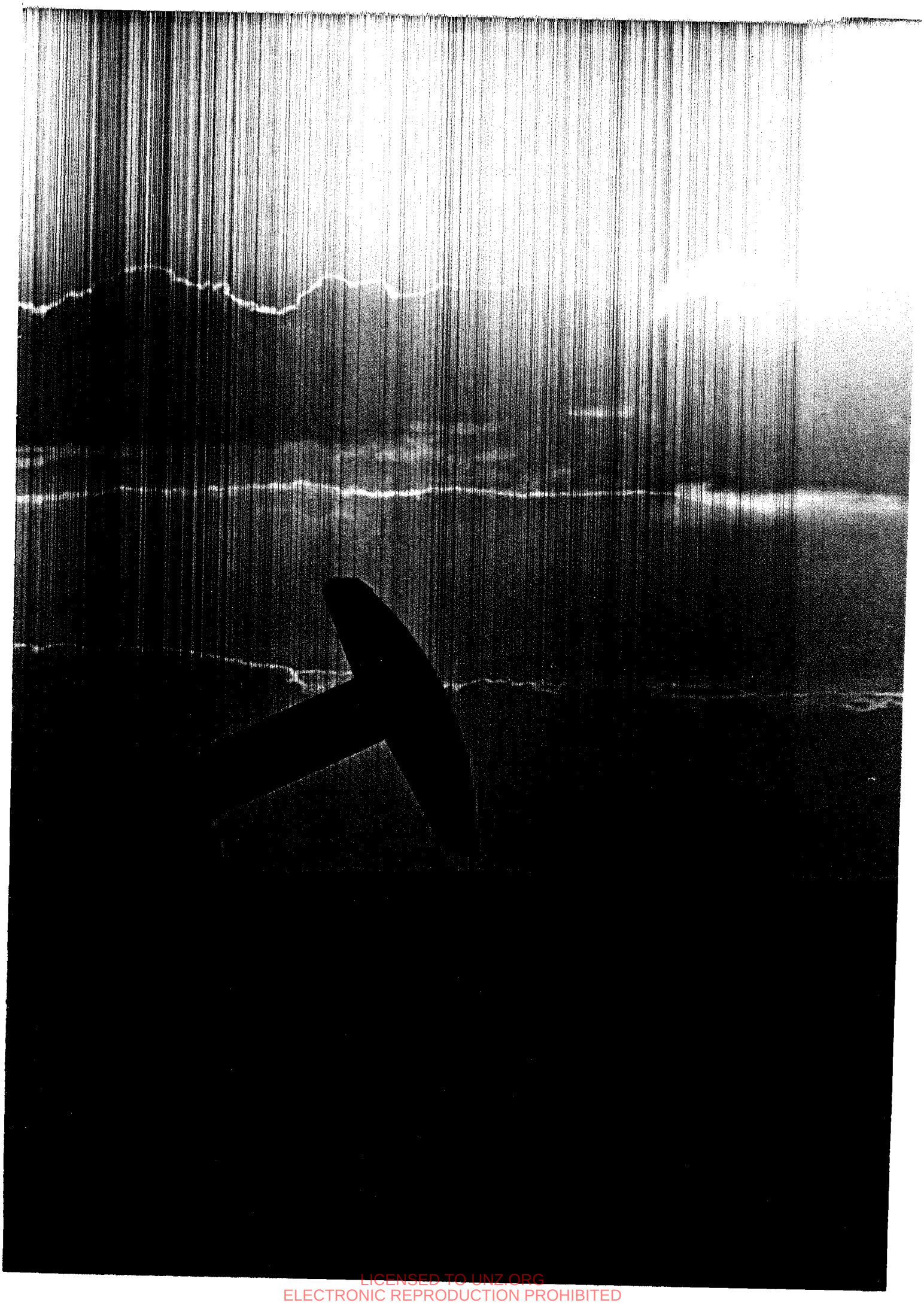

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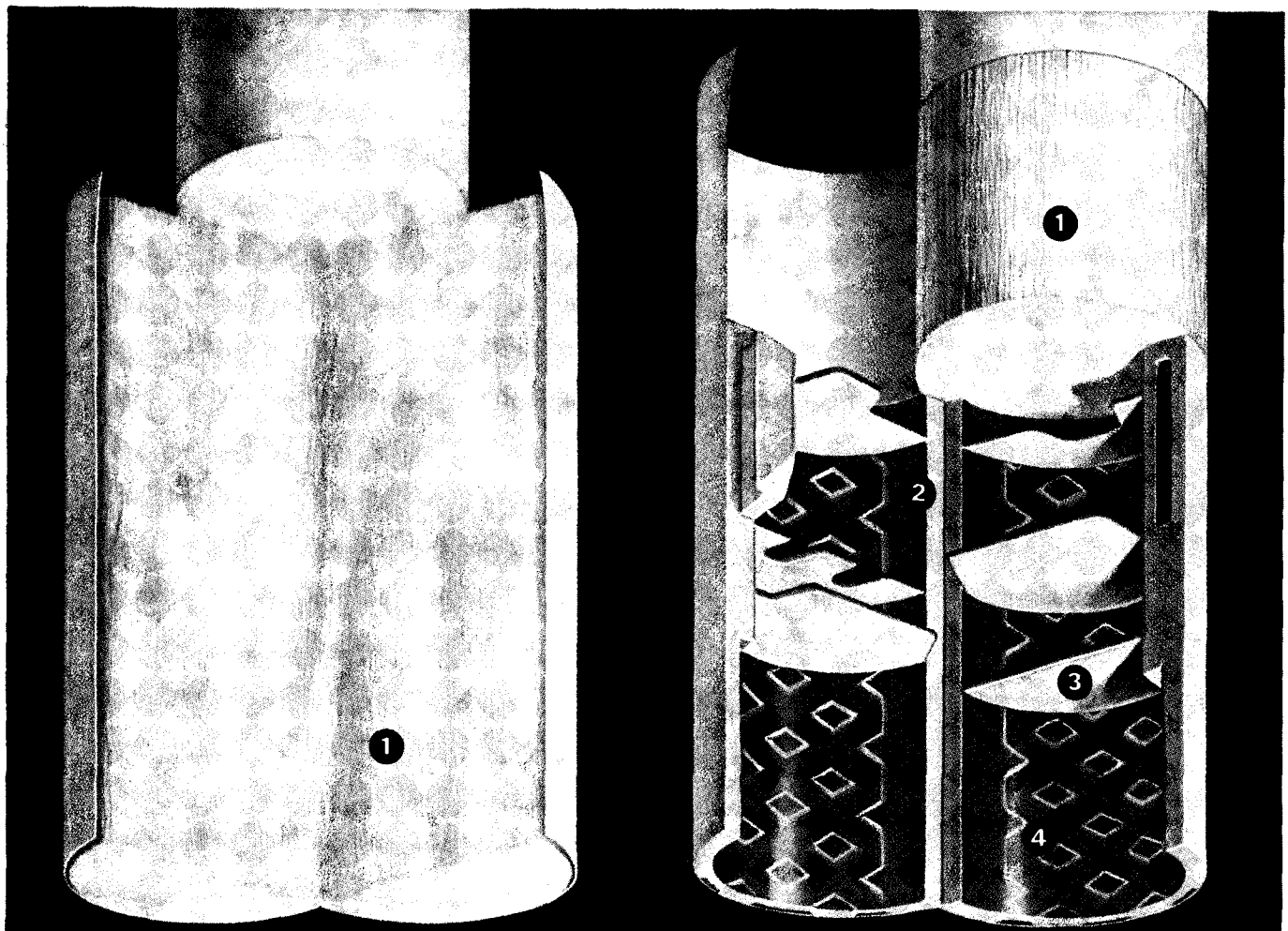

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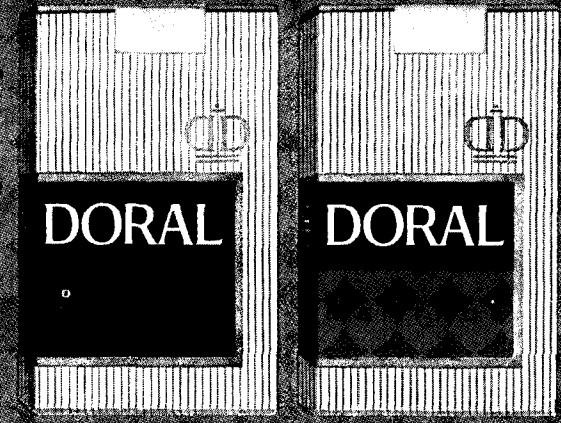

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW
VOL. XXVI, NO. 37
SEPTEMBER 13, 1974

BUCKLEY
Page 1033

MOATS
Page 1036

BURNHAM
Page 1032

KLEIN
Page 1041

BAKSHIAN
Page 1051

BRUDNOY
Page 1047

ARTICLES

1033 **How I Lost My Virginity and Ended Up at the United Nations**
The dreams *NR*'s own Walter Mitty dreamed on being asked to follow in the footsteps of Eleanor Roosevelt.
William F. Buckley Jr.

1036 **Giscard at the Helm**
Whither France? Reassuring details on Giscard's new direction.
Alice-Leone Moats

1040 **The Anti-American Campaign**
The Truman Doctrine saved Greece but you wouldn't know it in Athens these days.
Taki Theodoracopulos

1041 **A Woeful Tale of Interest Rates**
Uncle Sam's special solicitude for the little fellow.
Michael A. Klein

1043 **A Chilean Looks at Post-Perón Argentina**
Extremists, inflation, and Isabelita's 347 other problems.
Nena Ossa

COLUMNS

1031 **Easy Does It**
Jerry Ford's way of being President of all the people. *George F. Will*

1032 **You Win Some and You Win Some**
Problems without solutions: Cyprus as the new Israel. *James Burnham*

1044 **Une Fausse Idée Claire**
The multinationals get all the blame.
Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ARTS & MANNERS

1045 **County Fair**
America sober, America drunk.
D. Keith Mano

1047 **Cracked Crackers**
Low grades for the Marx brothers.
David Brudnoy

1048 **Voice of the Old New Left**
Ramparts: all the way from CIA.
M. J. Sobran Jr.

1049 **A Return to Tradition**
In the pit with Voltaire. *David Sparkman*

BOOKS

1050 John Stuart Mill chose liberty over fraternity and equality. Gertrude Himmelfarb doesn't. *Stephen J. Tonsor*

1051 *Paine* and *Talleyrand*: an instant and an era. *Aram Bakshian Jr.*

1053 Donald Davidson and Allen Tate: the two Southerners correspond. *M. E. Bradford*

1053 H. L. Mencken told the South to rise and shine. *Edwin M. Yoder Jr.*

1054 Priscilla L. Buckley enjoys a fast-moving tale by two other *Washington Post* reporters, Kevin Klose and Philip A. McCombs.

MISCELLANEOUS

1008 **Letters**
1010 **For the Record**
1018 **The Week**
1052 **Random Notes**
1060 **On the Right**
1062 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover photo by Max Mackol

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Letters

Teddy's Fulcrum

John Chamberlain ["What's in It for Teddy?" August 30] is certainly right in spotting apathy as the reason for conservatives' silence on the Vietnam issue. But he overlooks the "corruption" issue as the reason for Teddy's position. When Congress pulls the rug out from under Thieu and Vietnam collapses, the Left will be dancing around the ruins intoning on the evils of corruption and the purity of an America which will not support other than the most democratic regimes. The *New York Times* recently completed a three-part jeremiad on the tyranny of Saigon, with only the faintest recognition of the horrors perpetrated by the North. The headlines were all anti-Saigon; a subsequent article dealing with the North carried the ambiguous headline, "70,000 Refugees Flee New Vietnam Clashes"—i.e., flee that which is caused by North and South alike. Corruption, we will be told, was the real reason South Vietnam collapsed. And that's the issue that will be Teddy's fulcrum.

New York, N.Y. ANDREW LOWIN

Questions for Dr. Martin

As far as I am concerned, Malachi Martin must spend his next few columns in *NR* defining some terms that he used in a pivotal section of his introductory essay ["Religion: All Quiet on the Western Front," August 16].

He states: "Religious commentary must discover the outlines of spirit by scrutinizing newly emergent conditions: negative ones, such as the disappearance of cultural presuppositions . . ."—I stop the playback there. What on earth does he mean by cultural presuppositions? He continues his list with "regional bastions, parochial blindnesses, individual prejudices"; exactly how completely can these phenomena be said to have disappeared, given, for example, intra-Semitic killing in the Levant and fratricide in Northern Ireland?

Further, I should like to see a column or two devoted to the subject of "a new inner commonality shared by greater and greater numbers of men and women all over the globe." The terminology is faintl reminiscent of Teilhardianism, and th condition has been descried by othe seers in the recent past. I for one hav not been able to adopt a belief in such state, skeptical as I am that there are an sound historical facts upon which a mean ingful comparison in support of it coul be based. But let Dr. Martin elucidate. I fairness, I realize that he was given very narrow compass within which detail a prospectus, and I therefore loo forward to seeing many another fine essa from his hand covering the epitome human existence, the spirit.

Brooklyn, N.Y. DANIEL F. BONNI

Tape Fetishists

The issue is no longer news, but a po mortem on how it all came about is st in order.

D. Keith Mano ["Watergate Bizarre August 16] has finally said what had to said: "the Watergate transcripts are lewe "Obscene" is lost to the English langua but "lewd" we still have with us and it the perfect word here. A Swedish associa of mine once said flatly that "the di story is the American disease." The soc ambience of these tapes is that of the di story, and leads as day to night to t social ambience of everything conjured by the term "Watergate."

We now have a breath of fresh air, a perhaps great good will come of it.

Gallatin, Tenn. DAVID H. DO

I *loved* Keith Mano's essay "Waterg Bizarre"—a work of art. He is with question the best new writer to emerge recent years. The liberals have no one v can compare. What other writer co elevate punctuation to an art medium

Tenafly, N.J. MARY GAUE

Clarification

Reading M. J. Sobran Jr.'s sympath review of my *Leftism: From de Sade Marx to Hitler and Marcuse* [August I completely fail to understand the sec paragraph. Mr. Sobran informs the rea

(Continues on page 1012)

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1

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Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIO REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circul Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

RATES: *$25.00 a year ($15.00 for the 48-page issues, and $10.00 for 8-page issues published on alternate weeks). In all cases add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*
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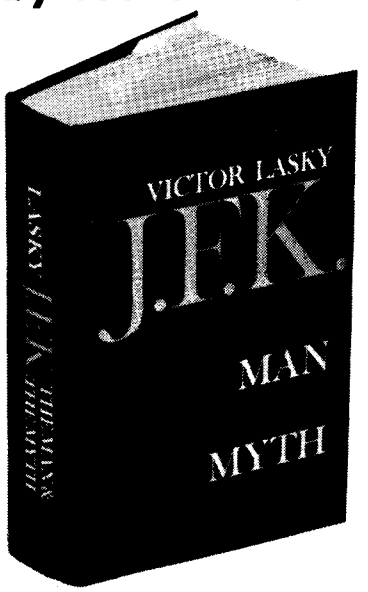

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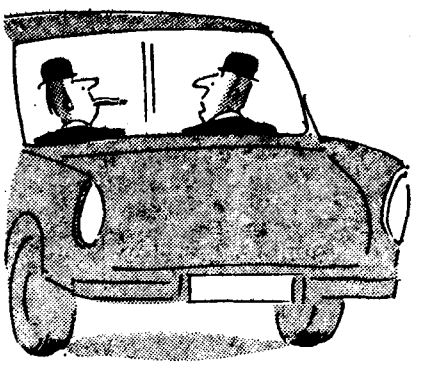
FOR THE RECORD

CATCHING UP: What the good guys and the bad guys were up to while all eyes were on the change of guard in Washington.

■ In Kansas, State Treasurer **Tom Van Sickle**, veteran of the **Goldwater** campaign in '64, the **Reagan** campaign in '68, won Republican nomination for Attorney General, getting nearly 50 per cent of the vote in a big field. . . . Congressman **Bob Bauman**, a former YAF national chairman, running for reelection in Maryland, has criticized President **Ford** for his amnesty stand, his support of the Rhodesian chrome boycott (a hot issue on the Hill just now), and for "preaching economy in government and national health insurance in the same breath." . . . **Alan McKay**, another former YAF chairman, former editor of the YAF magazine, *New Guard*, has declared for Congress in Massachusetts against freshman Democrat Gerry Studds (ACA, 11 per cent) on an out-and-out conservative platform. . . . Yet another YAFer, former Connecticut YAF chairman **James Altham**, 27, is taking on veteran Democratic Rep. **Robert Giaimo**, an uphill race. . . . In South Carolina, it's wide open, but tilting Democratic, with **Charles Ravenel**, a relative unknown, winning the Democratic gubernatorial runoff against Rep. **Bryan Dorn** (first elected to the House in 1946); Ravenel faces another giant-killer, **James Edwards**, who knocked off Gen. **William Westmoreland** in the Republican primary. . . . In South Dakota, POW **Leo Thorsness** is hitting **George McGovern** hard, on—of all things—irregular campaign financing. Thorsness charges McGovern has transferred $300,000 to his present campaign from his 1972 presidential funds. . . . In Indiana, Mayor **Richard Lugar** of Indianapolis is moving up fast against Kennedyite Sen. **Birch Bayh**. Going against Bayh: his support for busing, for abortion, for gun control legislation, all no-nos in a generally conservative state. . . . Meanwhile, on the organizational level, the **American Legislative Exchange Council** (an offshoot of the American Conservative Union) held its first annual conference in Chicago Aug. 16-18: it will offer conservative state legislators a chance to exchange ideas on how to put through conservative programs at the state level. . . . And **Phil Nicolaides**, the public relations man who helped **James Buckley** and **Jesse Helms** win their Senate seats, is taking a hand in two Southern races this season: he's working for **George Lankford**'s gubernatorial campaign in Georgia and for **James Ferris** who is running against Rep. **Wright Patman** (Tex.). Patman is chairman of the House Banking Committee.



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"Beats me why we need a wealth tax when we've got the stock market."

■ And the bad guys: The Black Panthers are leaderless today. Co-founder **Huey Newton**, who forfeited $42,000 in bail when he failed to appear in court to answer charges of assault with the intent to commit murder, among others, was reported at one point in Bangkok. His lawyer, **Charles Garry**, says he may have jumped bail to escape "Mafia types" who had him "marked for death." . . . **Bobby Seale**, the other Panther founder, quit the party about a year ago and ran, very unsuccessfully, for mayor of Oakland. . . . **Timothy Leary**, reportedly, is ready to testify before a Chicago grand jury, in exchange for a promise of speedy parole against the Weathermen who helped him to escape from jail and flee from the country four years ago. . . . The *Chicago Tribune* reports that **Patty Hearst** and her SLA confederates **William** and **Emily Harris** have been trying to contact the Weather Underground (the successor group to the Weathermen). According to the *Tribune* story, authorities believe Patty Hearst is still in Los Angeles and that Weatherperson **Bernardine Dohrn** is somewhere in the Berkeley area. . . . Leftist lawyers **William Kunstler** and **Mark Lane** spent a night in jail recently as a result of an altercation with Judge **Fred Nichol** in the Wounded Knee trial. (Nichol: "You make one more statement like that and you're going to jail." Kunstler: "You might as well send us, Judge." He did.) . . . **Ernesto Miranda**, whose kidnap-rape conviction was overturned in a landmark decision of the Warren Court, is back in trouble with the law, this time on a weapons charge. . . . And **Angela Davis** has wired Sen. **Howard Cannon** and Rep. **Peter Rodino**, chairmen of the Senate and House Judiciary Committees, asking to testify on **Nelson Rockefeller**'s "moral character" in the confirmation hearings. One of the organizations that Angela Davis' National Alliance against Racist and Political Repression represents is the Attica Brothers Legal Defense Fund.

■ Department of Anticlimax: the California Assembly has voted not to rename the **Richard M. Nixon** Freeway in Orange County the Gerald R. Ford Freeway, which might be more significant if work on the 42-mile freeway had not been stopped for lack of funds 40 miles short of completion.

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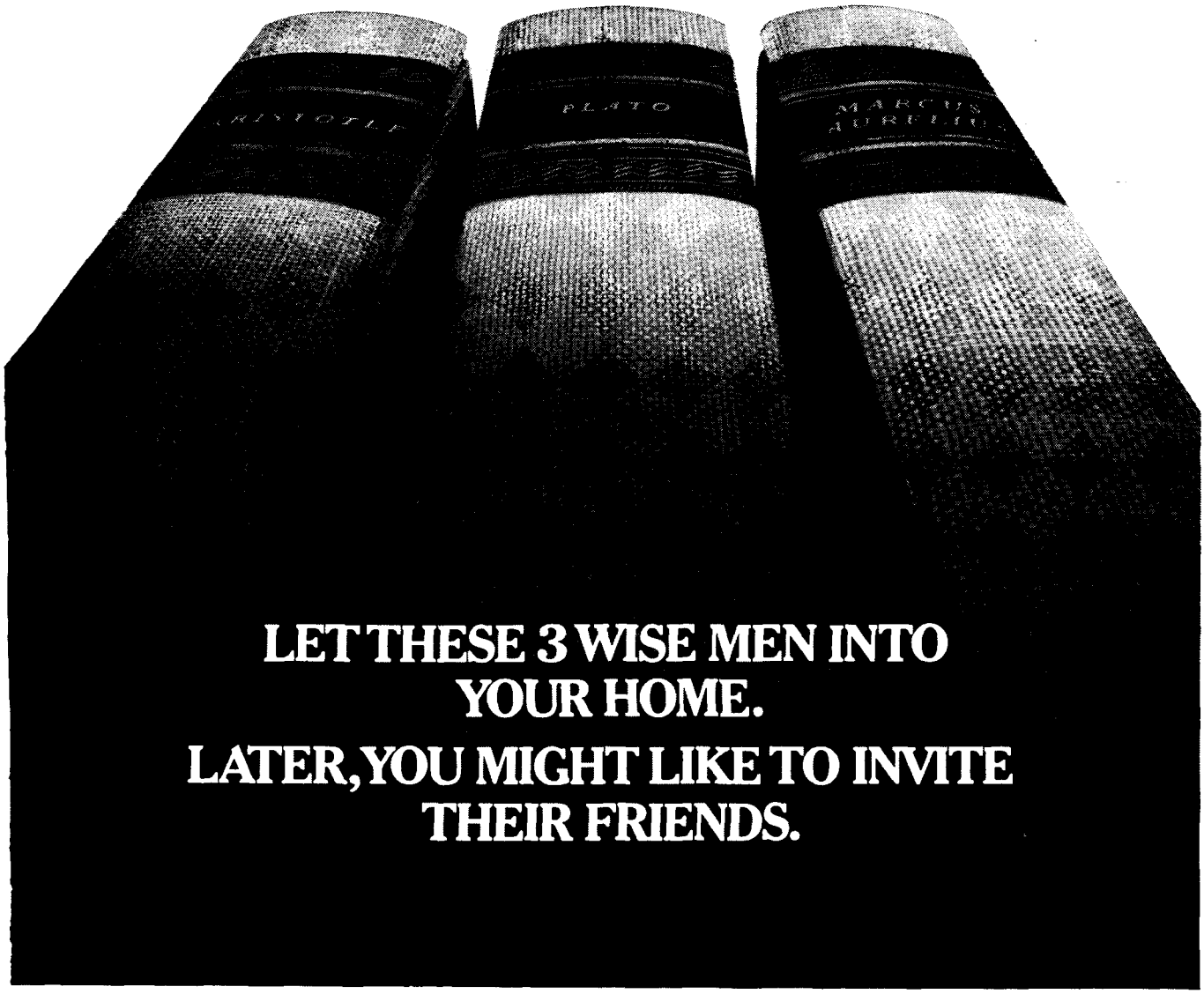

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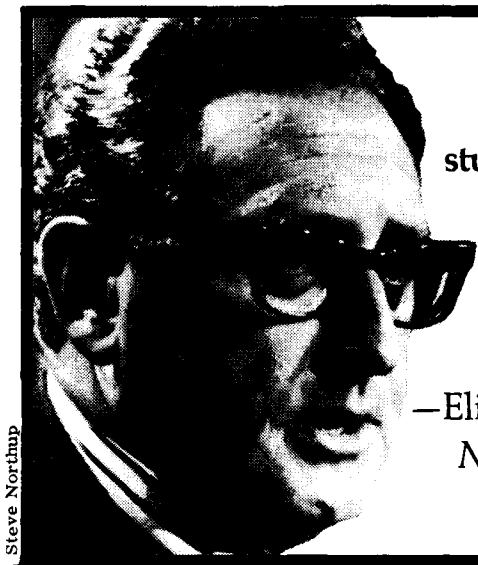
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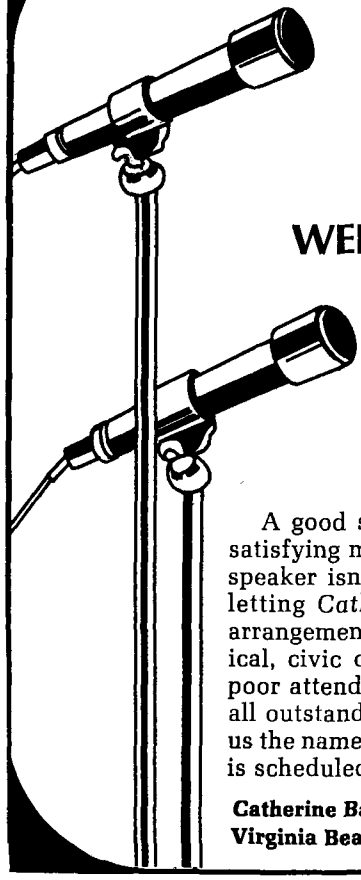

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that I not only "admit" but "insist" on the German Right's support of Hitler because he "appealed to certain conservative sentiments." Of course I do nothing of the sort, and anyone who remembers my reply to Mr. C. L. Markmann ["Letters," June 22, 1973] must think that I suffer from some grave mental disorder.

The chapters of my book dealing with the Nazi evil try very hard to show the contrary. Part of the German Right was even violently anti-Hitler. The only German party calling itself "Conservative" was utterly hostile to the Nazis; its leader, Herr Treviranus, went into exile. The only explanation I have for the reviewer's error is the prevalent notion in America that Nazism owes its growth to heel-clicking junkers, "capitalists," fat bishops, and "big landowners." But, as a matter of fact, these reactionary circles were exactly the ones whose members risked their lives thirty years ago to get rid of the monster who turned to his own purposes a genuine mass movement.

Lans, Tyrol ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Nonsolutions

In reply to Walter B. Wriston's "Whale Oil, Baby Chicks, and Energy" [June 7] I wanted to add that even though many doomsayers do "fail to appreciate man's inherent ability to adjust and innovate," some of them, knowingly or unknowingly, are suggesting something that could be of value to society: that we must slow down our adventurist technology. Mr. Wriston feels man's ability to adapt is unconquerable as long as great things such as combines, atomic energy, and jet propulsion are being invented or discovered. But what will happen when the resources have been depleted and the earth scarred badly in the process?

Mr. Wriston seems to feel that anything goes in the struggle to sustain human life. But solving a problem is not always for the better. Technology applied to increase food production stops disaster at the time but too often nature catches up later to rid the world of the people kept alive by technology.

Man has the idea that the basic laws o

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nature don't apply to him, an idea he needs to discard.

Carbondale, Colo. RICHARD FORGY

Et Tu, Jeffrey?

Et tu, NATIONAL REVIEW? I would have expected to read the vicious and vacuous piece by Jeffrey T. Bolgiano ["On Being Asked to Write Spiro Agnew's Farewell Address." August 16] in some liberal publication, but to find it published in NATIONAL REVIEW fills me with amazement and chagrin. To what purpose, may I ask? To wallow in sadism by joining the hysterical assault on our President when he was down on his knees fighting valiantly for his political life and personal honor? I have no great admiration for Mr. Nixon as a champion for conservative principles, but I do have a great respect for his refusal to kick Mr. Agnew when he was down. In my opinion, Mr. Nixon possesses a superior sense of loyalty, honor, and humaneness as well as a deeper understanding of the frailties and foibles of human nature than either Mr. Bolgiano or the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Bayside, N.Y. HARRY S. GEORGE

An absolutely superb article! Right on the button! Would that each and every voter in this country could read this masterpiece and thereby learn how very important it is to research the background and character of those for whom they vote. Had we done our homework there would have been no Watergate.

An afterthought: surely those responsible for the nomination of Richard Nixon for President of the United States knew what kind of man he was. Were they trying to win an election and thereby destroy the Republican Party?

Capistrano Beach, Calif. MARGE BURSK

While it is easy to understand Mr. Buckley's advice to conservatives that we not allow Spiro Agnew to become our Alger Hiss, I find Mr. Bolgiano's piece inexcusable. The predicted scenario concerning Mr. Nixon's resignation was interesting, but your merciless attack on a man we called friend was unnecessarily cruel and un-Christian.

Hasn't Mr. Agnew suffered enough?

Bloomington, Ind. BARON VON KANNON
Publisher
The Alternative

Galahad Manqué

The reason W. H. von Dreele's gut says "no" to Charles Percy [August 2] is that Percy tries so hard to project Sir Galahad that he comes through as Uriah Heep.

Carnegie, Pa. FRANCES PARKMAN

Muck

May I call a matter to your attention? In the issue of NATIONAL REVIEW following the appearance of my article ["Will Mr. Harris Ever Learn?" June 21], a reference is made to a Harris Poll ["The Week," July 5]: "A recent Harris poll shows 45 per cent in favor of 'federal health insurance that would cover all medical and health expenses.'"

As it happens, I retained the original survey question for my file of travesties. It reads: "It has been proposed that Congress pass a comprehensive health insurance program which would combine Federal Government, employer, and employee contributions into one federal health insurance system that would cover all medical and health expenses. Opponents say that would get the Federal Government too much into medicine and health care. Supporters say such insurance is necessary for people to obtain proper coverage. Do you favor or oppose such a comprehensive federal health insurance program?" You will note the question is 74 words long (I recommended a maximum of 15 for an acceptable question), is laden with compounds, internal punctuation, and multiple clauses. A little common sense—or reference to my article—will expose it as one of the junkiest survey questions ever posed; hence the answers to it are muck.

The errors committed by NATIONAL REVIEW are two: 1) giving any attention whatsoever to this silliness; 2) not reporting the entire question so that readers, whose common sense may exceed that of the editors, might detect the absurdity of the survey for themselves.

Finally, let me observe that NATIONAL REVIEW relies more frequently and more uncritically on the Harris poll than those who believe it to be "invincible ignorance" should.

College Station, Tex. JAMES L. PAYNE

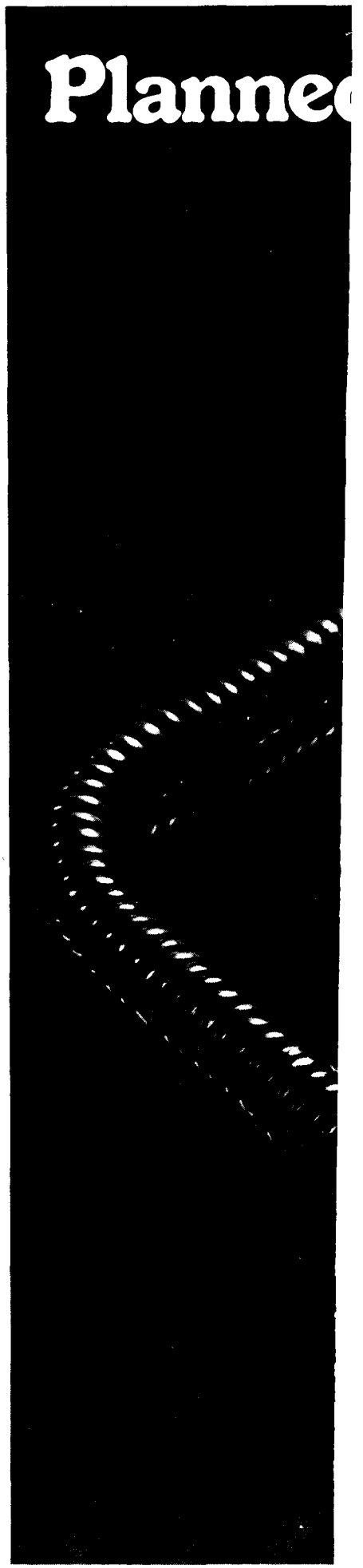
Winding Up

The liberals were so intent on bagging Nixon that they overlooked what NATIONAL REVIEW knew all along (well, *NR* knew it for a few years)—Nixon was the realization of many a liberal dream. I wonder what John Kennedy would have thought of Tricky Dick if he could have predicted the incredible future of his presidential opponent, and I don't mean foreseeing just the Watergate mess—I'm talking about the hard-to-believe stuff.

From Nixonomics to detente, the last Administration's tone was one of modulation (excepting Agnew) and compromise. Dishing out economic controls at home, and imbibing nationalized Red Chinese champagne over there—that was the new Nixon. It certainly wasn't the conservative version that was caught with his pants down at the Watergate.

It's not hard to see why the liberals wouldn't appreciate the new Nixon. They had too many memories of the old one; they were out to pay off old scores. How they relished the possibility of his criminal involvement! It was almost as if . . . could it be? *That mad glint in their eyes!* Is Richard Nixon the final victim of the McCarthy era?

Tallahassee, Fla. BRAD LINAWEAVER



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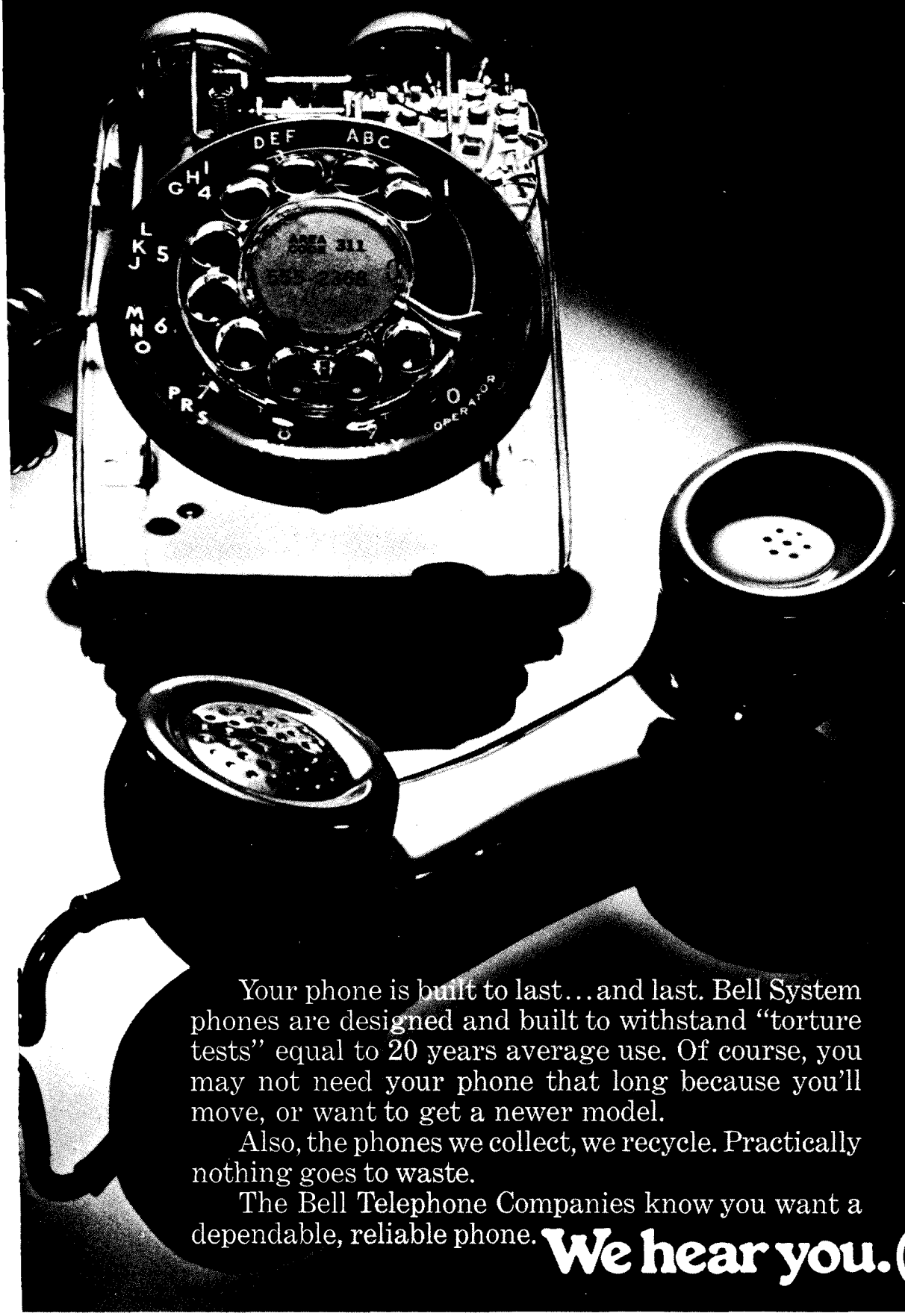

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I have become convinced that there is absolute validity to the theory of reincarnation. There are two statesmen of the nineteenth century alive and thriving in the halls of Congress today. Thaddeus Stevens is practicing his particular brand of statesmanship under the name of Lowell P. Weicker Jr. and Ben Butler is perambulating under the moniker of Jerome R. Waldie. And if this statement be treason, make the most of it, Thad and Ben.

Oregon City, Ore. HOWARD D. WENDELL

. . . *NR* is more humane than ever. I'm not sure what I mean by that, but somehow it has, these past few months, been more of a pleasure to read. Part of it may be the whole impeachment thing: waxing strong and weak on Richard Nixon, depending upon which of his enemies was doing the attacking.

Allenhurst, N.J. WILLIAM F. DOWD

The tragedy of Watergate became totally disproportionate to its cause because, in the headlong rush of the proceedings, no one gave sufficient thought to the seriousness of toppling a head of state, *any* head of state—innocent or guilty, wise or foolish, serious or pleasure-loving. History shows that the overthrow of a legitimate head of state—and who had a more legitimate mandate to govern than Richard Nixon?—is always followed by fifty to a hundred years of extreme political instability, tension between irreconcilable warring factions, and often civil war. Congress had the duty and the obligation to ask itself whether the crimes of which it considered Nixon guilty were sufficiently grave to justify the risk of fifty years of political turmoil and upheaval.

Did anyone consider that a man does not have to be impeached even if he has committed impeachable offenses? The relative importance of the charges must be weighed against the general conduct of the Administration and the stability of the country.

In the final analysis, Nixon should have impeached Congress.

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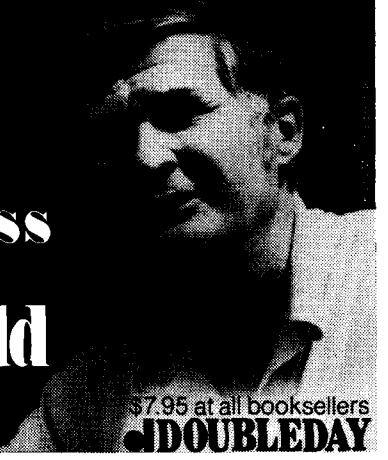

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THE WEEK

■ "In the documentary *The Other Half of the Sky*, Shirley MacLaine says, 'You see our eyes opening: Communism isn't negative, repressive, rigid. You see us interacting with Chinese women on a laughing basis, and you see the overwhelming sense of guilt in us that we'd been taught that Communism was bad. And then you see us coming out of the other end of the tunnel asking questions about the Chinese way and our way and wondering, What's true?' " (From an interview with Shirley MacLaine in *Playgirl*, Sept. 1974.) She has seen totalitarianism, and it works.

■ Government did it, according to 48% of those asked by Gallup's pollsters about the main cause of inflation. A marked improvement in economic literacy since 1972, when only 39% blamed government, not to mention 1959, when only 14% blamed government. The new President concurs.

■ When Eugene McCarthy emerged onto the national scene in 1968 to seek the Democratic presidential nomination, he was said to be a reluctant candidate stepping forward only because Bobby Kennedy wouldn't, voicing the concerns of the antiwar movement only because no one else would. But clearly he caught the fever. In 1972, when McGovern dominated the Democratic Party, McCarthy flew into Miami but after a day's embarrassing neglect, left town. This spring he decided to try for a congressional seat: but was rebuffed by party leaders who still resented the lateness of his endorsement of Humphrey in 1968. Now he has started a new organization—the Committee for a Constitutional Presidency, which is designed to give voters "more of a choice" than they had in past elections. One explanation is that McCarthy has simply contracted Stassen's Disease, for which there is no cure save steady doses of neglect, administered at least every four years, for a generation. A second explanation is that Kennedy-loathing McCarthy wants another magnetic field out there on the left, other than Teddy. If the centrists take hold of the Democratic Party, having learned the alternative in 1972, there has got to be pressure from the left to appease the powerful left wing. If Kennedy pulls out of the race, or bourgeoisifies himself by, e.g., selecting Wallace as a running mate, who—McCarthy may be reasoning—will be there to inspire the children of John Kenneth Galbraith? The optimistic alternative is that they will have grown up.

■ "Some economists say that too sharp a contraction of the money supply in the United States in 1929 [it fell by a third in three years] led to the Great Depression of the 1930s," says Clyde Farnsworth in the *New York Times*. "There are fears that a similar situation may be in the making today." Well, the money supply increased at a 6.4 per cent rate in the second quarter—"tight" only by Chilean standards, and not a "contraction" by anyone's standard. The Joint Economic Committee has long held that a 5 per cent growth in the money supply is the maximum consistent with price stability, given a 4 per cent increase in the supply of things to buy with it. With the present zero increase in production, 6.4 per cent money growth is more than ample to keep the inflation roaring.

■ Shhh! Don't tell anybody until it goes through, but the House has just passed and sent to the Senate an amendment by Representative Louis C. Wyman (R., N.H.) to void government regulations on seat belts and air bags. Under current regulations, 1975 cars would have to have the seat belt interlock system (the one that prevents the car from starting if Fido forgets to buckle himself in) and 1977 cars would have air bags. Under Wyman's bill, new cars would still have seat belts installed, but the only sanction imposed on those not using them would be a dashboard light. Wyman will find allies in Senators James Buckley and Thomas Eagleton, who have introduced similar legislation in the Senate.

■ September 10 is primary day in New York and it's beginning to look as if the good fairy is going to wave her wand and knight Ramsey Clark, one of the nation's most irresponsible politicians. Clark, the former U.S. Attorney General, appears to have a lead over his opponents: the Democratic Party's designated candidate, Lee Alexander, Mayor of Syracuse, and wealthy maverick fundraiser and New York garage magnate Abe Hirschfeld. If Clark wins he will have a go at Senator Javits in the November election, in which contest even the efforts of the good fairy will not avail Mr. Clark. Javits is expected to trounce whichever candidate wins the Democratic primary. And

Emmwood, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

". . . But the greatest of these is charity."

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running against Clark he will appear as the moderate—the *moderate*! Ramsey Clark is about as far left as you can go without falling off; and his success, in raising money and in the polls, indicates that McGovernism is not yet dead. His candidacy will discredit the Democratic Party—Fate's way of compensating for Watergate—and may also put Clark in the best position to challenge Senator Buckley in 1976. The story of the race for governor may not have such a happy ending. Howie-the-Horse Samuels, former Off-Track Betting head, has been in the lead, but Congressman Hugh Carey is catching up on the outside and is thought by some to have the better chance of defeating Governor Wilson, a conservative, in November. Meanwhile, Mario Biaggi, whose mayoral candidacy split the Conservative Party leadership last year, is facing a Conservative Party congressional primary with Frank McHugh.

■ It's very clear to exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk what should happen next in Cambodia. Since Vietnam was over before President Ford came in, so to speak, President Ford can simply cease sending money ("American money to kill Cambodians") to Cambodia. Without U.S. money, Lon Nol will disappear. The Khmer Rouge, the Cambodian rebels, will take over and place Sihanouk back on his throne and "we will have a very Red Monarch." "It is," Sihanouk goes on to explain, "like putting a tiger and a dog in the same cage. Things will be settled only when one animal eats the other. And that is how it will be in Cambodia. We [he and the Khmer Rouge] are the tiger and Lon Nol and his people are the running dogs. The Khmer Rouge may have difficulty at first with the Cambodian people, which is why," says Sihanouk, "they will need Sihanouk to unite the country." The smile's on the mouth of the tiger.

■ At a recent open chess tournament in Solingen, West Germany, ex-world champion Boris Spassky and grandmaster Lev Polugayevsky announced that they were under orders not to play if Ludek Pachman participated in the tournament. Pachman is a Czech grandmaster (and Communist Party member) who was imprisoned and then exiled for his opposition to the Soviets' 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia and for his support of deposed Communist Party leader Alexander Dubcek. Clearly chess is not the only game being played. Pachman saw the issue in shades of grey and preferred to withdraw rather than see the Soviet chess masters go home without playing. But to the International Chess Federation it was black and white: no further boycotts by the Soviet Union or Eastern European countries will be tolerated. Your move, Brezhnev.

■ After last September's Chilean coup, the junta outlawed all Marxist-oriented parties and declared all others "in recess." A recently released exchange of letters between the head of the conservative Christian Democrats, Patricio Aylwin, and one of the junta leaders, General Oscar Bonilla, suggests that Chile's conservatives are no longer hopeful of a return to democracy. Aylwin wrote to Bonilla: "History shows that no stable order can be built on a foundation of unilateral imposition of those who govern." Bonilla answered: "Please do not write me in any terms that are not those of an administrative authority of a recessed party respectfully addressing the government of the nation."

■ Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, a good French *bourgeoise* did her food shopping by trotting around to several stores each day: the butcher or fishmonger, the pork butcher, the greengrocer, the baker, the wine merchant. It took a lot of time, but she got the freshest meat and vegetables, the best bread. After the war, the first *supermarchés* raised their heads; they eventually escalated into *hypermarchés*, huge discount supermarkets. These have become very popular within the last few years, when rising inflation made more French women start choosing economy over quality; this in turn caused many small shopkeepers to go out of business. Now open war has been declared in at least one town, with both sides stockpiling paving stones and incendiary bombs. As Adam Clayton Powell might have said: *Il faut garder la foi, mes enfants!*

■ "There are even a couple of Colonel Blimps loose in this island trying to mobilize the populace to keep essential services running if a general strike occurs, and getting more publicity than they deserve." Thus James Reston, discussing England poised at the lip of the falls. But, on the face of it, doesn't that sound like a reasonable activity under the circumstances?

■ In case you missed the item in the *Wall Street Journal*: "For trivia buffs, Commerce Clearing House, Inc., the tax publishers, says the Internal Revenue Code contains 6,874 different words, from 'abandoned' through 'zones.' The word 'tax' is used 4,040 times, and 'God' appears on five occasions."

■ Oh! the Joys of Wedded Bliss! But Ah! Ah! the Thrill of Socking it to the Taxpayers Department of Relative Values. J. D. Lynch and Barbara Bennetts, both Democrats and both state assemblypersons in Montana, have tied the knot, and many happy returns. They are not, however, going to live together: "We both agree we have a commitment to our constituents," so J.D. is going to live among his constituents in Butte and Barbara is going to live among hers in Helena, a hundred miles away. "We will be together during the annual legislatures and during the summers," says the bride.

■ For every bottle of Slurpee you drink, the Southland Corporation, owner of a chain of 7-11 stores, will donate one cent to a bald eagle preserve in South Dakota.

■ The Florida Department of Education has eliminated

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42 county school reports. Now the counties have to file only 204 reports a year.

■ I'm against amnesty for draft dodgers, Lowell Weicker told reporters on a Hartford interview show, so how can I support immunity for Richard Nixon? Say you were misquoted. Say you blacked out. Say the puppy did it. Fudge.

■ A word to the wise in New York: do not jump off a balloon. If you try it with a parachute it's illegal, and if you try it without a parachute it hurts.

■ The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has concluded, after taste tests, that Americans savor fried squid rings, squid chowder, and squid cocktails, until they are told what they're eating. We could have told 'em that free.

■ IF AT FIRST DEPT. Mr. Edward Wolf kindly stopped for hitchhiker James Kelly the other day in Grassy Sound, New Jersey. Pulling away, Mr. Wolf veered off the road and smashed into a pole. Mr. Kelly then kindly offered to take the wheel and pulled away, swerving across the road and smashing into a pole on the other side. The police kindly offered both gentlemen free lodgings in the local stir on drunk driving charges.

Mariner, What Course?

During his first month, President Ford: nominated Nelson Rockefeller as Vice President; endorsed conditional amnesty for draft dodgers; signed a multibillion-dollar housing subsidy bill; endorsed the Equal Rights Amendment; signed a multibillion-dollar mass transit subsidy bill; held a special White House meeting with the congressional Black Caucus; endorsed national health insurance; brought Charles Goodell and William Scranton into his inner circle. It does not require a microscope to determine that all of these moves are in one or another measure toward the liberal side of the political spectrum. There have been no counterbalancing moves toward the conservative side. What does this asymmetry signify about the probable course of the Ford Administration?

Probably nothing final for the longer run. They are probably to be understood as preliminary tactical maneuvers rather than as the early stage of a settled strategy. Gerald Ford undoubtedly sees himself as embodying the conservative, Middle America sector of the electorate and the country. Therefore, as he would figure it, in order to establish himself as "President of all the people," he must begin with gestures toward the sector that does *not* think of him as naturally one of theirs. There is all the more acute reason for this tactic, he would judge, because of his wish to reconcile the bitter divisions left by the Vietnam War and Watergate. In his appointments and public associations, moreover, Ford is behaving like what he also is: a professional Republican party man, who wants all Republicans of all stripes to be working together for the good of the party. In this, as the columnists Evans and Novak, among others, have been emphasizing, Ford departs from what was Nixon's tendency in recent years and from the outlook of "the new majority." Nixon preferred the election of conservative Southern Democrats to Congress, even at the expense of Republican aspirants. The potential new majority includes large numbers of Southern and ethnic voters ("the Wallace constituency") who have previously been Democrats.

We shall soon get a better idea whether these early leftward veerings will lead into a liberal course. The hard decisions that must soon be made on the domestic economy will be the critical test. To advise him on these, President Ford now has around him three able, tough, market-oriented men—Alan Greenspan, William Simon, and Paul McCracken. They are unquestionably going to recommend economic measures that will arouse and antagonize the liberals, and we shall see whether Gerald Ford is one more head of government—is that the only kind there can be in an industrialized mass democracy? —who melts when the heat is turned on. And we shall also learn, over a longer period, whether the old Republican Party, in the spirit of which President Ford is selecting his aides, is more than an obsolescent shell. If the new majority is, as many analysts believe, the reflection not of a passing political combination but of profound social changes in the population and structure of the nation, then the Republican Party cannot return to its past without fading away.

Rockefeller Reverberations

President Ford's nomination of Nelson Rockefeller for the Vice Presidency met with approval, often enthusiastic, across a wide political spectrum. Applause came from *The New Republic*, the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, the *New York Post*, James Reston, William V. Shannon, the *Los Angeles Times*, and John Lindsay; but also from the *New York Daily News*, the *Wall Street*

I, An Ideologue

I'm weary all the time opposing
While everyone's *couleur de rosing.*
I'm tired being an agin-er;
I'd really like to back a winner.
It's enervating being wary
Anticipating moves by Jerry,
But I'm obliged to play Dissenter
When all the tilting's toward the center.
So color me an old curmudgeon
Who uses poetry to bludgeon.

W. H. VON DREELE

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HOW TO MAKE BIG MONEY INSTEAD OF EXCUSES.

Over 5,000 new millionaires in the U.S. this year (And most of them don't work half as hard as you do). What they all have in common is The System. The proven sure-fire secret to success that doesn't depend upon brilliance, or connections, or working yourself into the ground. With The System it's actually easier to succeed than it is to fail. Easier in fact to make money than to make excuses!

Do you know some guy who makes a lot more money than you do simply because he works a lot harder? Baloney!

Have you ever wondered about the people that make the really big money? The folks with the fancy cars, great houses, summer places and all the things of the good life. Did you ever wonder what they know that you don't? Well, this ad may be the most important ad you'll ever read.

Where do I get off giving you advice!

First, I'd like to tell you a little about me. My name is John F. Kimball. I'm a real person not some writer's fairytale. You can walk up to to 424 Madison Avenue and meet me. This is a real address. If you were to come up here, you'd see impressive offices as well as the staff of the six companies that I am a director and major stockholder of. I live on a couple of gorgeous wooded acres in a plush home valued at well over $100,000 with a $30,000 in-ground cement swimming pool (heated, underwater lights, the works). In addition, I have all the usual type investments associated with wealth: the stocks, the trust funds for my children's education, etc. Perhaps, most important, I have the time to enjoy it all. I usually stroll in about 10:30 and am out by four in the afternoon.

You can work your head off for peanuts. Or you can apply The System and make it big.

Before you believe I was born with that proverbial silver spoon in my mouth, let me tell you about me a few short years ago. I was working in a factory environment at a job I hated. Many nights I "Moonlighted" just to make ends meet. I could no more pay for this ad than fly to the moon.

Most rich men are no smarter than you are.

One day quite by chance I was offered a job by a wealthy and successful businessman. This man was an immigrant who arrived in this country dead broke, and for years was considered a very bad credit risk. He seemed no brighter than me (He never finished school) and certainly no more hard working than me (I was doing sixty hours a week just to keep my head above water).

I stumbled on to a great discovery: The System.

The more time I spent with this self-made success, the more I felt there was a secret. After all, what did I have to show for all my years of back-breaking slaving? I'll tell you what: tension, debts and a less than happy family. I was working too hard, drinking too much, and going nowhere fast. A prisoner of the day-to-day rat race. I wouldn't have known a business opportunity if it jumped right up and bit me. The more I worked for this wealthy man, the more I saw a *System*. We talked about a system. He had never seen his success as a system. But he agreed it existed! I started to spend my off days and weekends analyzing The System and putting it into practice. For the last year, I've been putting all these details into a simple-to-follow plan. Three months ago, I gave away copies to friends, clients and acquaintances. An old friend used The System and doubled his income (yes, in three months). A client in New York tells me it is the most important information he has ever read.

The System made me rich, Now I'm going to get even richer, offering it to you.

Now, for the first time, I'm going to offer The System to outsiders. You may wonder why I'm willing to offer the system. Frankly, it's because I expect to earn a few hundred thousand dollars selling it. You see, I'm asking $10.00 for this system. Quite frankly, I make a pretty profit on that $10.00. However, you make the real profit! IT WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE! I guarantee it, but more about that later.

Here are three questions I want you to ponder:

- If you have a boss or friend that earns twice as much as you, does he work twice as hard as you?
- Do you feel that you are getting all you want out of life? Is it an exciting adventure for you?
- Do you provide yourself and your family with everything you'd like to?

If the answer to these questions is no . . . then you are ready for The System.

No mail order course! No junk merchandise! No franchise Scheme!

What the system is NOT: My plan is *not* a mail order correspondence course. It's *not* a collection of junk merchandise that I want you to import, export, report or sell to your friends. It's *not* some franchise scheme. It's *not* a pyramid plan.

What my system is: It is a tested proven no-investment method to let you earn money like the "big boys" and get more out of life.

HERE'S THE NO-RISK OFFER: Fill in the coupon below and send it with the required money. I'll send you the system by return mail. Read it for thirty days or sixty days or ninety days. If you don't think it's worth at least ten times what you paid, return it. I'll send you a full refund plus the original 10¢ it cost you to mail me a check. **YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO RISK.**

Now, you can turn this page with a hundred excuses.

You can write me off as a crackpot. But remember, I'm the one with the money. Best of all, you have absolutely nothing to lose. All it takes is a little faith. We live in the greatest country in the world with so much abundance we support most of the world. **Last year, according to the U.S. Government, over 5,000 people became millionaires for the first time,** and most of them don't work half as hard as you do. The choice is up to you. On the chance that I'm right, send in the coupon today. It risks you nothing.

INSIDER'S MAILBOX, INC.
595 Madison Avenue, 29th Floor Tower Suite, New York, New York 10022

☐ $10.00 Cash, Check or Money Order enclosed.

J. F., you may be a lot of hot air. But on the other hand you may have something. It's no skin off my nose to find out. So, go ahead, send me The System. I understand that if for any reason (or no reason) I'm not satisfied in up to three months, you'll return my ten bucks.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The trouble with these clean sweeps is you never know who is going to get swept. First Mr. Nixon was swept out of the White House, and then it was Dan Rather's turn. CBS has reassigned Rather to New York, away from the White House beat he held, off and on, for a decade. Rather, 42, became famous for his tough questioning of Mr. Nixon in press conferences, and for being the target of Mr. Nixon's barbed comments. The Rather transfer may be a belated victory for Mr. Nixon, whose obvious strategy was to destroy Rather by making him too controversial—too "hot" a personality for network news. Rather now will be working on CBS documentaries.

■ Although President Ford says Alexander Haig, Mr. Nixon's White House chief of staff, will be staying on in that job, Haig probably will be gone soon, if only because that job may be gone soon. Mr. Ford has made a show of keeping Haig in place during the transition period in order to avoid any sign of disrespect for the service Haig gave Mr. Nixon.

■ When the Senate was debating how much to cut from aid to South Vietnam the wily Barry Goldwater, who opposed any cut, offered an amendment to cut off aid to South Vietnam completely. He wanted a test vote to demonstrate that the majority of senators opposed abandoning South Vietnam. He was delighted that his amendment lost resoundingly, by a 71 to 21 margin.

■ Next time you are haunting the saloons and bordellos of the Carrefour district of Port-au-Prince, Haiti, drop by the Habitation Leclerc hotel. You might as well. You are helping to subsidize it. The U.S. Government's Overseas Private Investment Corporation lent some New York jetsetters $415,000—at special cheap rates—to help refurbish it, complete with sunken baths and queen-sized beds with circular mattresses. Your tax dollars at work.

■ Senator Mike Mansfield, the laconic Montanan, recently broke a record: he has spent more than 13 years and 225 days as Majority Leader; the old record was held by Joseph T. Robinson (D., Ark.), who was leader from December 3, 1923 until July 14, 1937. Mansfield also holds another unofficial record. He has answered more questions on a single interview show like *Meet the Press* or *Face the Nation* than any other mortal. The normal guest will answer twenty-odd. Mansfield once "yepped" and "noped" his way through sixty.

■ CAPITOL BRIEFS: At least 19 congressmen and one senator, William Scott (R., Va.) have been practicing racial and religious discrimination in hiring staff for their offices. The stipulations include "No Minorities," "No Catholics," "White or Oriental Only," "No Blacks," "Whites Only." When Congress passed laws banning discrimination in hiring it never thought specifically to ban discrimination in congressional hiring. . . . Robert Timm, the chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, accepted a free trip to Bermuda from some representatives of the industry that the CAB regulates. After the press reported this, he sent a check to his hosts to pay for his trip. That is what has been called "the post-Watergate morality." . . . Drought, like everything else, hits taxpayers. The government has a crop disaster payment program. It budgeted a paltry $175 million for such payments this year. But droughts and floods and other unpleasantnesses mean that disaster payments will be closer to half a billion dollars.

—CATO

Journal, Richard Nixon, House Minority Leader John Rhodes, and, with some qualification, Senator Barry Goldwater. Representative John Ashbrook expressed disappointment. Senator James Abourezk (D., S.D.), a zealous liberal, attacked Rockefeller over Attica.

A leading Southern conservative, Clarke Reed of Mississippi, was keeping his powder dry. In a considered response, he did not oppose the nomination, but noted, pointedly, that Rockefeller would be too old to run for President in 1980.

The wide spectrum of approval for his nomination reflects Rockefeller's undoubted stature in American politics. Four times elected governor of New York, he has had a long and varied experience at the state and also at the federal level. He is knowledgeable about national defense, the economy, and foreign affairs. At this juncture he brings to the Ford Administration—now negotiating an administrative transition unprecedented in our history—an increment of experience and national recognition.

The wide spectrum of approval, however, also indicates an ambiguity about Rockefeller's present political identity and, therefore, about the ultimate meaning of his nomination. The last time all of the people on the above list agreed unanimously about any one subject was, probably, the day after Pearl Harbor.

The terms of their approval, moreover, suggest their differing expectations. *The New Republic*, for example, hopes that "Rockefeller may be the new ambassador from the East, repairing lines of communication with the universities ostentatiously cut by former Vice President Spiro Agnew." Now *that* is a beautiful formulation, something for the scrapbook. The "universities," and particularly the Eastern universities, are not exactly politically neutral reservoirs of expertise and information. They are integral to the liberal establishment, and active dispensers of its orthodoxy. They are a political force in their own right. They are, collectively, a multi-billion-dollar enterprise with its own set of priorities and claims on the federal budget. One imagines *The New Republic* in an earlier day, had John D. Rockefeller Sr. been nominated for the Vice Presidency, hoping, equally, that he might "repair lines of communication" with the oil interests, and perhaps with the large railroad companies, these having been "ostentatiously cut" by some trustbusting maverick. Alas, poor Agnew, who "ostentatiously cut" those "lines of communication" between Cambridge, Mass. and Washington, D.C.!

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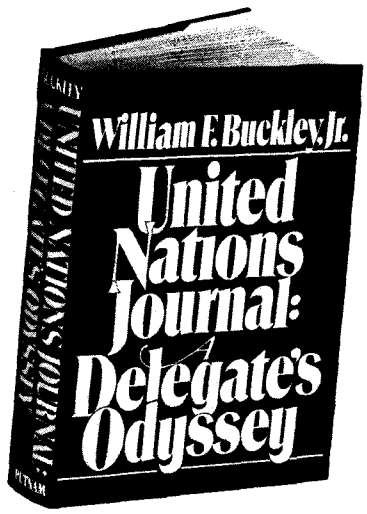
Now — you can order Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s soon-to-be published book, "United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey," direct from National Review and save $3.00!

Don't miss this opportunity to be among the first to own a copy of Bill Buckley's refreshingly candid account of his experiences as a delegate to the UN's 28th Assembly session, a fascinating behind-the-scenes story of what the UN is really like.

"United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*" will prove to be an exciting and provocative literary excursion for you. All the intriguing (often *literally*) aspects of the United Nations, from the power plays to the inside report on the Mideast War, are covered in this book. Buckley the writer scores a stunning *tour de force*. You will want to add this remarkable new book to your personal collection. Read all about it below.



You will not be able to find a more absorbing, compelling book this season than "United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*." Here, at last is a book completely free from the usual liberal illusions about the UN. Buckley spells out, from his personal experiences as a delegate, not only what we can, but, more important, what we *cannot* expect from the UN: "It has become the habit of the United Nations... to ignore major affronts upon the dignity of mankind while going on endlessly about relatively minor affronts."

And, the 28th session of the UN was, in every respect, a stormy one, punctuated by the Arab-Israeli War and the world-wide oil crisis that followed. You'll find an excellent blow-by-blow description of the war events as well as the frenzied diplomatic maneuvering that accompanied them; why Israel broke the cease-fire, how the U.S. pressured Israel to accept it plus the big Russian diplomatic victory that emerged.

A Revealing Book

This marvellously readable book starts with a (sometimes hilarious) description of the events leading up to Buckley's appointment as a UN delegate (he very nearly refused to serve). Buckley has a novelist's eye for portraying characters, and in "United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*" you'll find dozens of interesting personalities: Soviet Ambassador Malik, most uninhibited in the art of lying; Andrei Gromyko; the Saudi Arabian Baroody, who can (and often does) talk for hours on whatever interests him at the moment; and Cuban Foreign Minister Raul Roa, whose bodyguards were on the verge of drawing their pistols at one uproarious session.

The primary figure in the book is, however, Henry Kissinger. For the first time, Buckley reveals the details of his association with Kissinger, because it was Bill Buckley who introduced Kissinger to the White House. The book also includes a wonderful portrait of Kissinger in action: the delicate day-to-day negotiations involving the Mideast cease-fire, his speechmaking, views on the UN and much, much more!

"United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*" puts the UN in a *realistic* perspective. Buckley depicts an organization choking on its own verbiage, promoting human rights on paper but doing little, if anything, to guarantee them, while letting the Soviets do what they please. Buckley relates the endless restraints that shackle a delegate (one of his speeches was virtually *dictated* to him!) and the creaky protocol: when Buckley suggested that Alexander Solzhenitsyn be invited to address the General Assembly, he was told that it would take *five years* to complete the necessary preparations and that would be *fast!* No doubt about it, you'll find Bill Buckley at his *best* in this book!

Quotes you can use

One of the features of any Buckley book is the wealth of quotable lines you can use for your own enjoyment, and this book is no exception. Here are some examples:

- "One wishes one could say about Malik that he is the last of the Stalinists, as one wishes one might say, looking up at a falling tree, that it was the last to suffer from the Dutch elm disease . . . He has a deeply cultivated propensity for lying, and he doesn't mind in the least doing it even in situations where he is sure to be caught in the act."
- "You learn almost instantly in the United Nations . . . that the convention is simply to ignore Soviet infractions against the stated ideals of the organization. Not merely those ideals that are tucked away in the old idealisms of the venerable documents of the very early years. But to ignore those that are being hotly debated at that very moment."
- "Baroody . . . if he had mastered the entire sum of human knowledge . . . would still need, perforce, to repeat himself after a week or two."

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But *The New Republic*'s version, and the liberal version generally, is not the only reading of the Rockefeller ambiguity. The Rockefeller of the 1970s, on the record, has not been the Rockefeller of the 1960s. There is no need here to catalogue all of his changes in stance, from his tough drug laws to his dramatic change on welfare. From the perspective of "new majority" theory, Rockefeller, who has shown that he can do business with labor and who does appeal to the ethnic vote, is far removed from the goo-gooism of such as John Lindsay.

In the end, the meaning of Rockefeller's nomination will be determined by the surrounding circumstances of the Ford Administration, and *its* eventual political meaning. A famous friend of Rockefeller's once wrote an excellent book called *The Necessity for Choice*. Choices determine political meaning. The hard choices all lie before President Ford.

Rumbling on the Right

President Ford's amnesty, Rhodesian chrome, ERA, and other opening moves have gained him much liberal applause. Some, however, consider them a Machiavellian ploy to soften up the Left before coming down hard on the tough substantive decisions looming just ahead (see "Capitol Issues," p. 1031). But others on the right begin to sense that once again conservatives are in the familiar position of being had.

Speaking at a Maryland fundraising affair for Representative Bob Bauman, Ronald Reagan articulated these apprehensions. Pointedly, he noted that Nixon's 1972 landslide victory over George McGovern implied a mandate that remains valid in the unelected Ford Administration. "The voters rejected an invitation to utopia and reaffirmed the basic values from which our system was built," declared Reagan. "They voted for fiscal responsibility and individual determination of their own destinies." Governor Reagan leaves office in Sacramento this year. Should the Ford Administration slither leftward in response to a cooing Zeitgeist, Reagan could well provide a focus for conservative dissent. During the first term of Nixon's Presidency, conservatives often noted among themselves that while conservatives got the rhetoric, liberals got the programs. If the mood at the Maryland gathering is any indication, conservatives are not yet mutinous, but will not put up with a repeat performance.

Innocents Abroad

The UN's ten-week Conference on the Law of the Sea in Caracas, Venezuela has adjourned. Although the conference didn't reach any conclusions on what to do about the sea, the 5,000 representatives of the 150 nations did agree to meet in Geneva in the spring, although a few of them grumbled about the Swiss cold and dampness. At the Geneva meeting they hope to lay the groundwork for another meeting in Caracas next summer, during which season Venezuelan weather is practically perfect.

Meanwhile in Bucharest, Rumania a UN Conference on World Population has just concluded. The conference began with the standard warning from Secretary General Kurt Waldheim: in the next 30 to 35 years world population will double, placing an even greater strain on world food supplies and increasing demands for shelter and employment. The Secretary General told the 2,500 delegates from 140 countries that "immediate action" was necessary. Soon after Waldheim spoke, the delegates went into action.

China attacked both the Soviet Union and the United States, and dismissed the peril of overpopulation as an imperialist myth propagated by the superpowers to keep the Third World subservient. The Soviet delegation also sided with the Third World, saying that population control "only serves to distract attention from carrying out needed social reforms." Sweden said it wouldn't support population control unless the superconsumer countries, such as the United States, began sharing their resources with Third World countries.

The conference ended with the adoption of various amendments that call for improved health care, equal opportunity for women, and the elimination of child marriages, as well as an amendment calling for an end to "colonial domination, racial discrimination, foreign occupation, and wars of aggression." Only one area was neglected: no mention was made of curbing population growth.

Mideast Intermission

History in our day customarily adapts herself to the requirements of the media, so it is not surprising that it has been intermission time for the Mideast to permit first the Watergate finale and then the Cyprus blowup to take stage center. This gave the Mideast cast a chance to practice their lines for the next act. To which purpose, during the past month, Israel's Foreign Minister Yigal Allon, Jordan's King Hussein, Egypt's Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy, and Syria's Foreign Minister Halim Khaddam have got together with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in Washington, and Saudi Arabia's Foreign Minister Omar Saggaf and Israel's Prime Minister Rabin are due any minute.

What all this bustle means is that the time nears for another move toward a Mideast settlement. The Mideast situation froze after the ceasefire and partial drawbacks on the Suez and Golan fronts were negotiated, but there is too much heat in the region for things to stay frozen indefinitely. Armaments on both sides are not only fully replaced but built up higher than ever. One or the other of the parties will start using its weapons again unless there is at least the beginning of serious talks about who is going to concede what to whom. Meanwhile the OPEC countries, noting that the season of energy necessity ap-

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proaches in the northern hemisphere, stroke the boycott weapon they used so successfully last winter.

No wonder, then, that Secretary Kissinger plans a stopover in the Mideast on his way to or from his scheduled October visit to India.

The Portuguese Spinoff Begins

The first phase in the liquidation of Portugal's African territories has been accomplished smoothly, only four months after General Spínola's coup. On August 26 in Algiers, Portugal's socialist foreign minister, Mario Soares, and Pedro Pires, for the African Party for the Independence of Guinea and the Cape Verde Islands (PAIGC), signed an accord setting September 10 as the date of formal independence. The dispute over inclusion of the Cape Verde Islands in the new nation was settled by agreement on a future referendum.

It cannot be assumed, however, that the tranquil metamorphosis of Guinea-Bissau sets the style for the remaining, and concluding, scenes in the global drama of West European empire. Guinea is a primitive, impoverished region with a dreadful climate. There are 500,000 native inhabitants and only about 2,000 Portuguese settlers, most of whom live in the dreary capital town of Bissau. The PAIGC guerrillas, who began their armed struggle 11 years ago, had by last year won control of most of the country outside the few towns. Last September they unilaterally declared the country's independence, set up a provisional government, and called for diplomatic recognition, which had been granted by 100 nations prior to the Algiers accord. Moreover, the native inhabitants knew and respected General Spínola, who had served for several years as Portuguese commander in Guinea. Thus it did not need a big jump to move from the de facto situation to formal independence.

The circumstances in the two great, more developed, potentially wealthy, and strategically sensitive southern provinces are very different. There are 500,000 whites in Angola, about 200,000 in Mozambique. In neither is there a revolutionary organization that could convincingly claim, like PAIGC, to be the functioning leadership of the population. In Mozambique, Frelimo has outdistanced its rivals, but has established its authority in only a small portion of the country, and is opposed by tribes traditionally hostile to those tribes from which Frelimo's membership is drawn. In Angola there are three rival and competing revolutionary organizations, none of which has been successful in guerrilla or political operations. Both Angola and Mozambique, moreover, are of critical strategic and economic importance to southern Africa as a whole: specifically, to South Africa, Rhodesia, and Malawi.

It is probable, therefore, that Mozambique's and Angola's paths to independence will prove far stormier than Guinea's. It is unlikely that Senhor Soares will be able to complete the transformation in short order merely by signing an accord with one of the liberation leaders and "to wild applause, [turning] a handshake into an embrace," as he and Pedro Pires are described as having done in Algiers. Too many and too weighty interests are at stake in the southern provinces.

There are in fact already reports that confidential negotiations are currently taking place among leading white settlers, leaders of the native tribes opposed to the guerrilla organizations, Rhodesians, South Africans, and even President Hastings Banda of Malawi (which has friendly relations with South Africa). An anti-Frelimo front, called Frecomo, has been formed by Mozambique Africans; the highly trained commando units formed by former Portuguese commander General Kaúlza de Arriaga are said to be joining the discussions. The well known former mercenary leaders, Colonel Mike Hoare and Jean Pierre René, are rumored to be assembling arms and recruiting personnel.

The past experience of our decolonization era does not indicate that the chances are very high for the success of such a countermovement as these elements might put together. Nevertheless, men are not always deterred by the likelihood of failure.

Mass Transit Subsidies

The House of Representatives first doubled the $10-billion Nixon proposal for mass transit subsidies, then "slashed" the doubled figure back to $11 billion (over six years). This is apparently the only sort of economizing we can expect from a Congress whose solution to inflation is to spend more money to help some of those who are hurt by the side effects of previous congressional spending.

New York's Mayor Beame wanted still more money to "save the 35¢ fare"—a price which is to be enshrined as a tradition, like the nickel ferry to Staten Island. The mayor's reasoning, if you can call it that, is that since a subway fare increase appears in the consumer price index, while a federal tax increase does not, a taxpayer subsidy must be "anti-inflationary." On this theory, we could solve inflation by simply buying everything with taxes rather than prices. Yet the existing New York fare was sufficient to finance $155,000 in poorly documented travel and entertainment expenses for 26 Transit Authority executives. And Transit Authority monopolization of all forms of mass transit leaves the city so vulnerable to the mere threat of a strike that any operating subsidies not lavished on executives' vacations are likely to go to transit workers.

The essence of mass transit subsidies is to shift funds from rural taxpayers to their more affluent neighbors in and around nine big cities. The *Washington Post*'s complaint about this latest "budget-cutting" expenditure is that "mass transit is hardly a program for the rich." Yet suburban commuters are major beneficiaries, and they are hardly poor. Westport, Connecticut, one of the

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wealthiest suburbs in the nation, recently used federal money to buy a fleet of minibuses (Mercedes Benz, of course). Similarly, the area that may someday be served by the $1.6-billion San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit fiasco consists mainly of wealthy suburbs.

There are several structural reforms that could permit more efficient transportation of people and goods while saving money, rather than shifting unlimited expenses to rural taxpayers who can't use mass transit. One idea is to simply open the taxi and bus business to a little competition. Jitneys (private cars or minibuses carrying passengers for money) worked quite well until their competitors got them banned by various ordinances after 1917. Similarly, the entire transportation system could be revived, while saving consumers some $10 billion of pure waste, by simply abolishing the Interstate Commerce Commission, as Thomas Gale Moore recommends in a forthcoming Brookings Institution study. The Civil Aeronautics Board should have the same fate. But these are unsettling changes, and Congress always finds it easier to fund a problem than to solve it.

Goodbye, Haile Selassie

I doubt they'll yank him back again
A la the Bourbons from Varennes,
Nor will he wave a wan bye-bye
Like Nicky, under lots of lye.
He's much too old to take a shove
Like Edward, "for the gal I love."
I don't see Elba in his palm
Where hangers-on can still salaam.
No, if you wonder where he's at,
He's fading like the Cheshire cat.

W. H. VON DREELE

Fragments

On August 27, two aged figures from the World War II era passed from the scene, one in Munich, one in Cadiz. Both have long since been politically irrelevant, but together they recall two strikingly different aspects of the complex and disparate interwar movement called fascism.

Otto Strasser, from one perspective, represented a left-wing deviation from Hitler's Nazi movement. Born in Bavaria, the son of a minor civil servant, Strasser fought as an officer in World War I, was wounded, and was profoundly affected by the German surrender. With other former officers, he fought in the famous Freikorps against assorted revolutionary movements, and helped crush Kurt Eisner's soviet in Munich. As an early member of the Nazi movement, Strasser envisioned a consolidation of worker and bourgeois in the national interest, the nationalization of large industry, and the suppression of the Junker class. As soon as Hitler gained full power, he rejected the latter two aspects of Strasser's program, purged the Nazi left, stripped Strasser of his citizenship, executed his brother Gregor; always a step or two ahead of the Gestapo, Strasser ended up in Canada in 1941, living under an assumed name. In this early phase of his career as a "left Nazi" Strasser, from our present perspective, can also be seen as part of that broader stream of European thought, both anti-Marxist and anticapitalist, which sought some new synthesis as a way out of postwar economic and social collapse. After World War II, his thought took another turn. In his book *Fascism* (1965) he polemicized against statism in any of its more advanced forms, and denounced as "fascist" anyone who advocated more power for the bureaucracy and the central government.

On the same day there died in Cadiz a figure reminiscent of the romantic, D'Annunzio-esque side of Italian fascism. Prince Junio Valerio Borghese came from an ancient Tuscan family, which had produced one seventeenth century Pope, Paul V, as well as numerous prelates and distinguished lay figures. During World War II, he was known as the Black Prince, and commanded a flotilla of small attack vessels; after a spectacular assault on England's capital ships *Queen Elizabeth* and *Valiant* at Alexandria, he received Italy's highest award for bravery. He followed Mussolini northward during the last months, and during the short-lived Salo Republic he commanded a special-forces unit against the largely Communist *partigiani*. After the war, he lived in an old castle near Rome, called himself a "farmer," and dabbled without success in neofascist politics.

Each of these in his way was a representative figure, though now unmistakably also a period piece. Yet recalling them serves to put some historical content back into the all-purpose adjective "fascist."

Points of Privilege

What do the following have in common? 1) The Soviet operation in Hungary, 1956. 2) India's operation in Goa, 1961. 3) The U.S. operation in the Dominican Republic, 1965. 4) Israel's operation in Sinai, etc., 1967. 5) The Soviet operation in Czechoslovakia, 1968. 6) Iran's operation in the three Persian Gulf islands, 1971. 7) Egypt's operation in the Suez isthmus, 1973. 8) Turkey's operation in Cyprus, 1974.

Correct. In each case, a nation having preponderant military strength in the relevant locality sufficient to achieve an important objective with speed and virtual certainty, got bored with diplomatic and UN palaver and started shooting. In every case—even in Egypt's Suez drive last year—the objective was in fact promptly secured. Though in every instance both the behavior—fighting—and the objective sought and achieved violated treaties, protocol, UN votes, etc., no one did anything to stop the operation in time to block attainment of the objective, and no one upset the result afterward. Nobody

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involved in these operations paid any attention to the thousands of nuclear bombs that, we have been told, make war unthinkable.

Placed thus within its historical frame, Turkey's invasion of Cyprus, however regrettable, at any rate fits into a recognizable human pattern. Human beings do this sort of thing, even in our day, and in this world we will have to expect it now and then and do the best we can in dealing with these operations, if we must, or, if we are lucky, steer clear. There does not seem to be any compelling reason why we have to try to solve the Cyprus affair (which, as James Burnham suggests in his column, is probably insoluble anyway). Naturally we will try to minimize and repair the damage it does to the NATO alliance and to our relations with Turkey, Greece, and Cyprus; but that will be most readily done by maintaining a low profile, a cool head, and a slow pace.

Pork Barrel Socialism

"Competitive public enterprises" is the latest euphemism for incremental socialism. After getting a toe in the door with Senator Stevenson's proposed Federal Oil and Gas Corporation (FOGCO), two *New Republic* authors are already suggesting government entry into the "auto, steel, aluminum, drug, banking, and insurance industries." "A public steel corporation," according to the vision of Peter Barnes and Derek Shearer, "would not allow the private steel oligopoly to raise prices when furnaces were running under capacity and great social needs—such as low cost housing—remained unmet. A public insurance company would offer low cost no fault auto insurance . . . [and] some form of public manufacturing and/or purchasing corporation could market generic drugs to consumers at much lower prices."

Barnes and Shearer inexplicably cite Italy and Britain as places where "public enterprise has had a decent track record." But the principal model is the Tennessee Valley Authority, though the comparison is rather misleading. First of all, TVA was built and operated with federal subsidies for 25 years, and it still receives hundreds of millions of federal dollars for activities not strictly connected with power generation (dams are also "flood control"). TVA is entirely exempt from federal income taxes, and its bonds are exempt from state and local taxes. To exempt a company from taxation is equivalent to a subsidy, since other taxpayers must make up for the revenue forgone. TVA is on the top of any ecologist's hate list for using strip-mined coal and nuclear power, destroying scenic areas, and promoting (in the language of the original law) "the fullest possible use of electric light and power." The House recently voted, in effect, to pay the entire cost of TVA's pollution control facilities. Far from being a "competitive public enterprise," TVA achieved a local monopoly by buying up its rivals.

With equivalent subsidies and tax exemptions, any business would be at least as successful as TVA. Just to make sure, however, the FOGCO proposal involves even greater raids on the Treasury. FOGCO would get first choice—free, gratis—of 20 per cent of the federal land offered for lease. At just one recent auction, this would have cost the Treasury nearly $1.8 billion, which FOGCO could have cashed in by subleasing to a private company. FOGCO bonds would be fully backed by the U.S. Treasury, thus shifting the risk to taxpayers and reducing the interest rate. In addition to tax exemption, FOGCO would get direct federal subsidies of $50 billion a year—until it got in trouble and needed more.

TVA was and is a nice subsidy for Tennessee and adjoining areas; a Federal Oil and Gas Corporation would likewise shift income to some favored spot, and a Federal Auto or Steel Corporation would surely be welcome in many cities. But if such enterprises cannot be built and sustained with capital that is voluntarily ventured on free markets—in competition with other attractive uses for scarce resources—they are 100 per cent Grade A pork barrel. And the barrel is empty.

Jerry, Teddy, and the VFW

The world adores a Daniel
  Who ventures in the den.
When David gets Goliath good,
  The people roar, "Again!"
I love an uphill winner;
  Surprises can be fun.
But coming out for amnesty
  Is being overdone.

W. H. VON DREELE

Charles A. Lindbergh, R I P

In the creation of a public hero, epistemology is involved. Sheer individual merit is not enough. The man of exceptional ability must coincide with an historical moment which endows those abilities in the public consciousness with symbolic meaning. In 1927 Charles Lindbergh burst upon the national and the world consciousness, the perfect meeting of man and moment, the sensibility of America, in particular, receptive to the glorification of the individual act.

In retrospect, the year 1927 might be considered the apogee of middle class culture in America, the period of the Coolidge prosperity, when a great war had been fought and won, and when climbing stock indices were only one window on seemingly infinite possibility. "Can't repeat the past?" cried Gatsby incredulously. "Why of course you can." In all areas of popular and high culture a series of heroic individuals embodied the central emotion of possibility. In sports: Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, and Red Grange. These were figures in the popular consciousness unlike any before

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or since. Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Joyce, Eliot, Picasso, and Diaghilev were not only masterful and productive artists, but men apart, heroes of the spirit. In his own metier, Lindbergh may have been the most stunning. "In the spring of '27," Scott Fitzgerald wrote later, "something bright and alien flashed across the sky. A young Minnesotan who seemed to have had nothing to do with his generation did a heroic thing, and for a moment people set down their glasses in country clubs and speakeasies and thought of their old best dreams. Maybe there was a way out by flying, maybe our restless blood could find frontiers in the illimitable air."

The values embodied by Lindbergh are obvious but central: the individual act of mastery and courage, the mastery, moreover, not only of self but of machine; the values of youth and hope, the young Midwesterner analogous to the then-young newly powerful nation of the West; and the magic of flight itself, as in the legendary figure of Icarus, a symbol of man's transcendence of circumstances in the forms of time and space.

Lindbergh rose like Icarus, but he did not fall like him. Instead, he prevailed, first over the ghastly kidnapping of the child, his namesake, which occurred in 1930, then in a variety of other endeavors of his own. His experiments with Alexis Carrel on artificial organ maintenance suggest the will to overcome mortality. He was a thoughtful man, and though the most American of figures also deeply concerned with Europe and the West. He was reviled in the later 1930s—and much that has been written on his death repeats these themes—for what he said about the power of the Luftwaffe. In fact, events bore him out. He said that England and France could not win the war. In fact, they could not. His opposition to U.S. entry was honorable, shared by many, and the long-range historical judgment is far from clear. Like everything else he did his political position during this phase was honorable, courageous, and forthright; in his famous public collision with Franklin Roosevelt, Lindbergh comes off with all the decency.

During the war, Lindbergh put his expertise in aviation design at the service of his country. He also flew fifty missions in the Pacific Theater and shot down two Japanese planes. After the war he was in at the start of the U.S. missile program, and active in countless aviation projects. In his last years, he once again emerged into the public focus he had long avoided as an effective spokesman for conservation, thus returning at another level to his childhood—and indeed lifelong—love of nature. In our end is our beginning.

When he knew that he was dying of cancer, he returned to the vacation home he loved in the Hawaiian islands, arranged for a simple funeral, and composed the few final words spoken by a Protestant minister: "We commit the body of Charles A. Lindbergh to its final resting place, but his spirit we commend to Almighty God, knowing that death is but a new adventure in existence and remembering how Jesus said upon the Cross, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' "

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I regret that I lack the wherewithal to help NATIONAL REVIEW out at still another critical time. However, I do have a suggestion that I feel might help to stimulate *NR*'s circulation and that merits your consideration. It is a suggestion you may have heard before, but I offer it to you anyway: why not feature a sexy centerfold in NATIONAL REVIEW, combined perhaps with some kind of eye-catching glamor photo on the cover?

Let me hasten to emphasize that this kind of thing could be done in a reasonably tasteful and inoffensive manner: the young ladies starring in the centerfold capacity would, of course, be fully (although engagingly) clothed and would ideally exude an old-fashioned wholesomeness that would be well in keeping with *NR*'s conservative image. I realize you would have to think of some suitably original theme for your centerfolds—"Playmate of the Fortnight," for instance, is rather ludicrous as well as unoriginal—but I'm sure you could come up with something. Examples that have come to my mind are designations such as, e.g., "Miss Free Market" (wearing a clingy green bathing suit with a dollar sign in the approximate location of the tummy button), "Miss Right-to-Work" (wearing tight-fitting overalls), "Miss Balanced Budget" (a lovely accountant with sexy horn-rims), "Miss Military Preparedness" (a cute WAC or WAVE), "Miss Patriotism" (in a skimpy Uncle Sam suit), perhaps even "Miss Republican Cloth Coat" (wearing nothing else but). As you can see, there are all kinds of possibilities.

As a sign of the times and to offset charges of male chauvinism, you may even wish to feature a male centerfold designed to set conservative female hearts aflutter. For the moment, I can think of no one more appropriate for this than our own rakishly suave WFB, sporting (say) a seductive Brooks Brothers swimsuit and his famous knock-'em-dead smile. The perfect answer, I would say, to *Playgirl* and *Cosmopolitan*.

NATIONAL REVIEW is, of course, a wonderful magazine, but it can hardly be described as sexy. Quite seriously, I feel you should try to cash in on the market for sex, which I suspect may be even stronger than the market for wit and on-target opinion. Yours,

Patrick M. Dempsey
Northridge, Calif.

Dear Mr. Dempsey: The editors join me in thanking you for your interesting suggestion. But how would we terminate the series? Miss Strategic Inferiority? Cordially,
—WFB

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■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
I think you may enjoy seeing this misprint of the name of your program in the central New York State edition of *TV Guide*. Appropriate, don't you think, in view of your guest? Sincerely yours,
Thomas R. McGough
Oswego, N.Y.

[Enclosed, from *TV Guide*]:
(16)(21)(31) SIRING LINE
Sterilization of persons with IQs less than 100 is one of the controversial proposals voiced by Dr. William Shockley, a Nobel Prize-winner in physics. Dr. Shockley defends his views on genetics and his linking of race and intelligence. (60 min.)

■ Dear Bill:
Yesterday, sitting in our kitchen reading your introduction to *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*, I began to marvel once again (oddly enough, the older I get, the more it surprises me) at the fecundity of human expression. Whilst doing so, I observed through the door and into the den one of the two dogs that live at our house, a terrier, lift her left leg and give a single, tentative scratch at her underside, put that leg back on the floor, sit down, and begin to scratch furiously with her right leg at her right underside. It occurred to me in a flash that I had just witnessed, in that first scratch, as pure an example of a second thought as I was ever likely to see. *That* thought having occurred to *me*, I was able to return to and accept, with feelings of somewhat less inadequacy, the intricacies of your exposition and the spinning particles, measurable and otherwise, that produced it. With best regards,
Sincerely,
Philip F. Howerton, Jr.
Charlotte, N.C.

■ Letter Received from a Twenty-Year-Old, after Lunching with Same, and Same's Mother, including Reflections on Mosquitos and Other Pests, Grandfathers, Watergate, Physics, and Sundry Matters. —WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Night is falling here in Peoria, the crickets are squeaking, and I am holed up in the only unoccupied room of the house trying to frighten off any would-be interlopers by blasting the stereo at an unconscionable level. I started with Judy Collins, and it drew them like flies, switched to the Grateful Dead, and still one or two of the little monsters next door raced in, cosmic ray gun in hand, to zap me a death-dealing blast. In short order it will be time for something vicious at maximum decibels. A pity I hate the Rolling Stones. They'd be perfect, but Lou Reed will have to do it. If not, then there is always the arsenal. Vicious weapons of law and order to go with the vicious music: two blackjacks, a can of Mace, one pair of lead-lined gloves, a Smith and Wesson .38 police special, and a nine-millimeter automatic with a 14-shot clip. When my brother goes to work he takes no chances.

I still hear the cosmic ray guns buzzing, but at least there is no audible mayhem from downstairs, or maybe I just can't hear it over the music. No matter, I shall ignore it and, if it's there, it will go away. My Spanish grandfather is here visiting us for several weeks. He is a genial man whom I enjoy greatly, but he is quite a lunatic on any subject political. Until recently his ambition was to dynamite Generalissimo Franco's tomb in Ferol, but I believe he was unburdened of the need for that vendetta by the pleasure that the assassination of Carrero Blanco afforded him ("Eddie, *viste el pasajito que dieron al primer ministro de España*?" ["Eddie, did you get a load of the way they bumped off the prime minister of Spain?"], he asked me, radiant smile on his lips, soon after the poor bastard flew over that cathedral). He thinks Nixon a cross between Torquemada and crazy Joe Gallo, and is uncontrollably happy at the thought of Tricky Dick's downfall. The last time he came here, he and my father had such a fight over the goddamned Watergate that they didn't speak for a month. Tonight at the dinner table it started again. This time it was not only Watergate, but Chappaquiddick too. I had the misfortune to be there, feeling like Henry Kissinger on the Syrian front. There is something about a political discussion with my grandfather that tends to bring out the two-year-old in us all, and this is especially so with my father. (Had I a more reckless sense of humor, I would have brought my grandfather to lunch on Thursday and you both could have had apoplexy talking about contact lenses. If you had once mentioned Guernica it would all have been over: butter knives at eight paces.) Have you ever seen the old Second World War movies, where our boys are valiantly encamped at the front, when all of a sudden on comes Tokyo Rose over the loudspeakers: HEY JOE, BABE RUTH EAT SHIT! JOE DIMAGGIO NO GOOD S O B!—and our boys go berserk with rage? That was our dinner table discussion. Two grown men purple in the face, bellowing across the lamb chops. I tried, God knows I tried, but it was beyond even my powers of reconciliation. I left not knowing whether Teddy Kennedy, if elected President, would drown some foreign dignitary in the White House pool, but I sped away secure in the knowledge that at least after he did, he wouldn't claim the guy as a personal tax exemption.

God, the mind boggles after a week of this. If I had had any sense I would have hit the nearest bar for two double Tequilas and an evening of Merv Griffin, but my fading notions of propriety forbade it. Certainly not on a school night. Christ, it was a school night too. I am taking this course at the community college three nights a week. Point Pleasant had always been sort of a mail drop for me, so I thought that, since I was actually to live there for the summer, I might as well take this course, spice up my life, meet some girls, you know, come to grips with the natives on their own terms. It did not work out. The only course I could get was Sociology, and I think I could

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learn more watching *Dragnet* reruns. Our professor, who is about seven years older than I am, brings to his task all of the intellectual vigor of Elmer Fudd, while my classmates, who are all in the process of getting married, spend most of their time comparing engagement rings. A very strange situation, which generally renders me incapable of explaining myself.

Yet there I was, the Watergate far behind me, a song in my heart, and the wind in my windshield, off to the college again. Today the class was caught up in a vital debate over the sociological application of the physical law of the conservation of matter and energy. Did Van Gogh actually create anything when all he did was to smudge paint on a canvas? The paint was already there, so was the canvas, wherein lay the creation? Does creativity exist? Why is there air? And what about Naomi? To my credit I sat silent through an hour of it, telling myself that this too will pass, but it only became worse until I could bear it no longer and bolted for the door, reaching the corridor before the professor could react to my mad cackling. One doesn't do such things at a community college. At Columbia you might get away with it, if you don't push too far. A little insanity is a mark of distinction, like greying temples, but here in Ocean County there is a modicum of decorum. No nonsense, and I fear that my goose is forever cooked.

On the way out to the parking lot I chatted amiably with the security guard, both of us agreeing that a man can only take so much, bought a six pack of Ballantine Ale, and drove home to meet the ray guns. It was insane: an invasion by my eight-year-old sister and two of her cohorts impersonating Colonel Bleep and his space rangers. A strategic retreat with the ale was the only recourse, but still they came, burning right through the door with the cosmic ray guns. BZZZZZ! I put on the Bob Dylan, gave the volume another half turn, and called a lady friend in Manhattan for a date as soon as she would have me. Thursday, and not before. Can I last?

"And after the domestic summit conference, you're due on Capitol Hill for a congressional bridal shower."

But all of this is straying rather far. From the point, that is. The point was, is, to thank you for the fine luncheon my mother and I had with you and Miss Buckley last Thursday. It was good to see you again, and please give Miss Buckley my regards. I have a warm spot in my heart for her dating back four years to the couple of times I came over to your office for the Wednesday afternoon festivities. She is a very charming lady, around whom it is impossible to feel ill at ease, and she always made a point to talk to me and to listen to my various inanities, thereby considerably easing a situation that was a mite awkward for me. My mother had a very nice time and sends her regards to you both. My little sister told me that she would rather have met Joe Namath, but we shall ignore such impertinences. If I seemed somewhat quiet, or not my normal conversational whiz, it was due less to advanced atrophy of the brain than to the fact that my mother tends to inhibit me somewhat in such situations. It would have been next to impossible not to have brought her, though I knew she would drive me nuts by talking about me. Anyway, I'm sure I'll see you again one of these days, so what the hell.

The problem that I find in writing things for *NR* is that I'm not especially qualified to write about anything in particular. The two things of mine that you have published arose sort of spontaneously from things that happened to me, and frankly I was rather surprised that you used them. It seems just slightly pretentious of me to write something like "One Man's View of Nuclear Disarmament," which is what my mother thinks I should do, so I'm trying to think of something on which I might be interesting. Since getting back to the States, I've been struck by the turnabout in attitudes and behavior of college campuses, and was thinking of possibly doing something on that for you, somewhat along the lines of my last letter to you (the one that sounded cynical) only taking it seriously. Some guy (whose name eludes me at the moment) had a piece in the last *NR* called "Conservative Undercurrents," and he was talking about the things, or some of them, that I'm referring to. I disagreed with almost every conclusion he reached, though, and probably what I'd come up with would be as congenial to your readers as my last article was. But, what the hell, I may do it. I'd want to wait until I got back to Columbia though, to see what's going on.

But wait; I hear something stirring outside the door, over the goddamned record player. Jesus! The ray guns. It's another attack! Brace yourself, man. Hit the volume higher. Crouch down and wait for the monsters. Christ, I can see the door melting and hear that Munchkin blabbering outside. Good God, here they come . . .

BZZZZZ! PFFFFFFFFFFFFTTTTTTTTTTT! Yours,

Ed Vazquez
806 St. Louis Avenue
Point Pleasant Beach, N.J.

—WFB

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Easy Does It

EITHER GERALD FORD is a lot abler than he has hitherto been given credit for being, or being President is easier than recent Presidents have contrived to convince us that it is. Or, more likely, both these propositions are true. In any case, Mr. Ford has not made a significant misstep yet during this difficult transition period, as he has coped with tasks that are more difficult than walking and chewing gum at the same time.

Mr. Ford has devoted his first week to a series of gestures. The time is coming, very soon, when he must put gestures aside and deal with the hard substance of government, and especially with the economy. But his gestures have come in such a stunning and disarming swarm that they have achieved what evidently was Mr. Ford's first objective as President. They have helped him to blur, if not redefine, his image.

Of course most Americans knew next to nothing about Mr. Ford when he took office last month. Some (but not most) Americans remember that he was one of the leaders of, and the chief beneficiary of, the mid-Sixties coup by young Republican House members against then Minority Leader Charles Halleck (Ind.). Some (but not most) Americans know that Mr. Nixon chose Mr. Ford to replace Spiro Agnew last October not because Mr. Nixon thought Mr. Ford was obviously the best possible man for the job, but because Mr. Nixon was weak and getting weaker and was heading for a showdown with the House of Representatives, where Mr. Nixon had few friends and Mr. Ford has many friends. More (but not most) Americans are aware that Mr. Ford is the first President to obtain the office without the votes of a national constituency. Because there is so much that so many Americans don't know about him, Mr. Ford took office as the most undefined President of modern times. This fact, and the fact that the nation was almost pathetically anxious to take him to its heart, meant that he entered office extraordinarily free to do whatever he wanted to do. And what he wanted to do included a lot of surprising things, including some things that never would have occurred to him to have done during his first quarter-century in politics.

He expressed sympathy for the idea of some sort of conditional or "earned" amnesty for Vietnam-era deserters and draft evaders. He met with the women members of Congress and said some nice things about the so-called Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution. He called in the congressional Black Caucus, most of the members of which voted against his confirmation as Vice President, for more smiling photographs and more nice words. He endorsed the principle of federal operating subsidies for urban mass transit, a principle he had stoutly opposed until he left Congress ten months ago. All such gestures are part of the ritual of demonstrating that Mr. Ford is "President of all the people." It is part of showing that he understands that "now he represents Brooklyn as well as Grand Rapids." These gestures are less important than the substantial decisions he must soon make about the real business of government, particularly about inflation.

MR. FORD'S most important gesture was his designation of Nelson Rockefeller to replace Gerald Ford as Vice President. Given all the sound and fury that invariably surrounds the selection of vice presidential candidates, at conventions and at other times, it might seem odd to describe any such selection as a gesture. But, really, let's for a moment be what the Vice Presidency isn't: serious. Assuming that Mr. Ford's athletic past (knocking down fellow scholars in the Big Ten football conference) and his robust present (all that time spent in the swimming pool, a ritual he calls a "tummy flattener") has left him as healthy as he seems to be, and assuming that he does not allow his employees to burglarize psychiatrists' offices, then Mr. Ford's Vice President is not going to be President. So Mr. Ford's Vice President will do what Vice Presidents do: he will occasionally preside over the Senate, and he will wait for the President to give him something to do—something like getting his picture taken with the little Miss Dental Health poster girl on his lap. Mr. Rockefeller used to say that he would not consent to be Vice President because it was not in his character to be "standby equipment." But that is what he now is, and shall remain.

IN SELECTING Mr. Rockefeller Mr. Ford showed that he is not worried by the talk that Mr. Rockefeller, with his energy and large staff, might overshadow the President of the United States. Mr. Ford knows that Vice Presidents do not overshadow Presidents. Period. Mr. Rockefeller says Mr. Ford has promised to give him lots of interesting work to do. Of course Mr. Ford has promised that. All Presidents make that promise to their Vice Presidents and some of the Presidents, perhaps including Mr. Ford, mean it. But it never happens. Vice Presidents are allowed to go to meetings. Period. End of civics lesson.

The gesture of nominating Rockefeller, like all the other gestures, may have the intended effect of softening the strong liberal reaction against Mr. Ford that is certain to result if Mr. Ford does what he promises to do in terms of fighting inflation by cutting federal spending. Meanwhile Mr. Rockefeller will be doing what Vice Presidents invariably wind up doing, serving as an ambassador from a busy President to the Party's organizations and candidates. Barry Goldwater, still smarting from his years of rivalry with Who Else but Nelse, says he is not sure the Republican Party—and he means the conservative rank and file—will like the Rockefeller designation. But that rank and file should like it because it means that Mr. Rockefeller, for 15 years the symbol of liberal Republicanism, will cap his public career by spending at least two and perhaps six years serving the interests and defending the policies of a conservative Republican President. □

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You Win Some And You Win Some

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE CYPRUS FLAREUP, though it has died back during the several days before I write, is not extinguished. The Turkish army has drawn the Attila Line (what joker was responsible for that naming?) to fence off the northern 40 per cent of the island, in which are located three-quarters of its wealth and resources. About 200,000 of the half million Greek Cypriots lived in that sector—nearly twice the total number (115,000) of Turkish Cypriots in all of the island. Most of the 200,000 have fled to the south and are now, like so many tens of millions before them in this century, homeless refugees.

No historical events are identical, but there is an obvious if limited analogy between what is now happening in Cyprus and what happened in Palestine, with the Turks in the role of the Jews, and the Greek Cypriots of the Palestinians. And the analogy is being amplified. Without waiting for agreements or treaties, the Turkish government, in the Israeli mode, is setting out to "create facts." Turkey's Deputy Prime Minister Erbakan has announced that Turkey will develop the port at Famagusta; build an airport at Kyrenia; construct, with expected help from Libya, an oil refinery; supervise agricultural exports, and promote tourism.

Solving the Unsolvable

More than 50,000 of the displaced Greek Cypriots have withdrawn, as have many Cypriots before them in earlier times of trouble, to the rugged Troödos mountain range that is Cyprus' dominant terrain feature. The women and children are jammed into the little villages scattered on the mountain slopes, or into improvised tent colonies. But many of the men are getting ready for the renewed fighting that they are certain lies ahead: to defend the mountain refuge if the Turkish army moves to seize the rest of the island; to launch a guerrilla campaign behind the Attila Line. Guerrilla units are forming up throughout the mountains, and the experienced veterans of the EOKA movement that broke British rule in the Fifties are training the young recruits. The Cypriots have a tradition of guerrilla fighting that goes back thousands of years. It hardly seems possible that they will passively accept the de facto partition imposed by the Turkish army.

The Cyprus problem cannot be simplified into a clear issue of right and wrong. It presents itself, rather, as an inflexible dilemma. Cyprus' ethnic reality contradicts its strategic reality. Four-fifths of the Cyprus population, Greek speaking and Greek Orthodox in religion, feels itself to be Greek; but, as the map makes instantly obvious, Cyprus—500 miles from the mainland of Greece and 40 miles off Turkey's southern coast—lies within present-day Turkey's essential strategic zone. And Turkey cannot disregard the ethnic link with the 18 per cent of Cypriots who are Turkish speaking Moslems feeling themselves to be Turkish.

Because of the dilemma, there is no "solution" to the Cyprus problem—apart from the elimination of one or the other of the ethnic communities. There can be at best a suspension of active conflict in some sort of functioning stalemate. This is what the uneasy arrangement under the 1960 constitution amounted to. That structure has been blown up by Makarios' intrigues during the past few years, the aborted coup by the Greek officers, and the Turkish invasion. It will take a while to work out a new stalemate, since there will have to be at least tacit acceptance by not only the two Cyprus communities but Greece and Turkey, and at least the U.S. and the Soviet Union among the outside powers.

Since the Cyprus problem cannot be solved, it is probably futile to try to assign blame for its current aggravation. It is just one of those things. This summer's explosion has done a lot of damage to a lot of people and interests, beginning with the Cypriots themselves and not forgetting the UN's contingent in Cyprus that has suffered more than sixty casualties. But there is one quarter in which the Cyprus trouble must be bringing complacent smiles. Nearly everything that has happened and is likely to happen in the next period is to Moscow's benefit.

The guardians of NATO's southeastern flank are at each other's throats instead of jointly manning the ramparts. The internal disintegration of the NATO alliance is crudely displayed. Greek forces have been withdrawn from NATO. Greek bases and other installations that the U.S. Sixth Fleet and the NATO command need for effective deployment and intelligence are jeopardized. Greek public opinion has turned bitterly anti-American. Globally, there is a seeming demonstration that U.S. power is a weak reed to lean on. In the Cyprus fallout the Communist and allied leftist organizations are again active and open in Greece, and more active than ever in Cyprus.

Kissinger the Bloody

This rich harvest would have dropped into the Soviet lap almost without shaking. But Communists have never been ones to leave History to her own devices. For the Kremlin, in keeping with its understanding of detente, the main objective in any such situation as this is to nourish anti-American sentiment and action. This has been the one consistent emphasis in the otherwise changing Soviet line, as it has been in the slogans, speeches, and editorials of the newly rampant Communists and leftists in Athens. The British and U.S. police recognized that the crowds of "Greek Cypriots" demonstrating under anti-American banners in the streets of London, New York, and Chicago were being guided by Communist cadres, and were not all Greek Cypriots. When the news of the assassination of U.S. Ambassador Rodger Davies reached London on August 19, Archbishop Makarios at once blamed the EOKA (pro-Greek union) guerrillas. But in fact, the demonstration at the U.S. embassy in Nicosia had been organized not by EOKA but by the Communist-infiltrated pro-Makarios Civil Servants' Association, and the slogans were identical to those shouted by the leftist Greek Cypriot demonstrators in Britain and the U.S.: "Kissinger's hands are stained with Greek blood!" "Kissinger the murderer!" "Go home, Americans!" □

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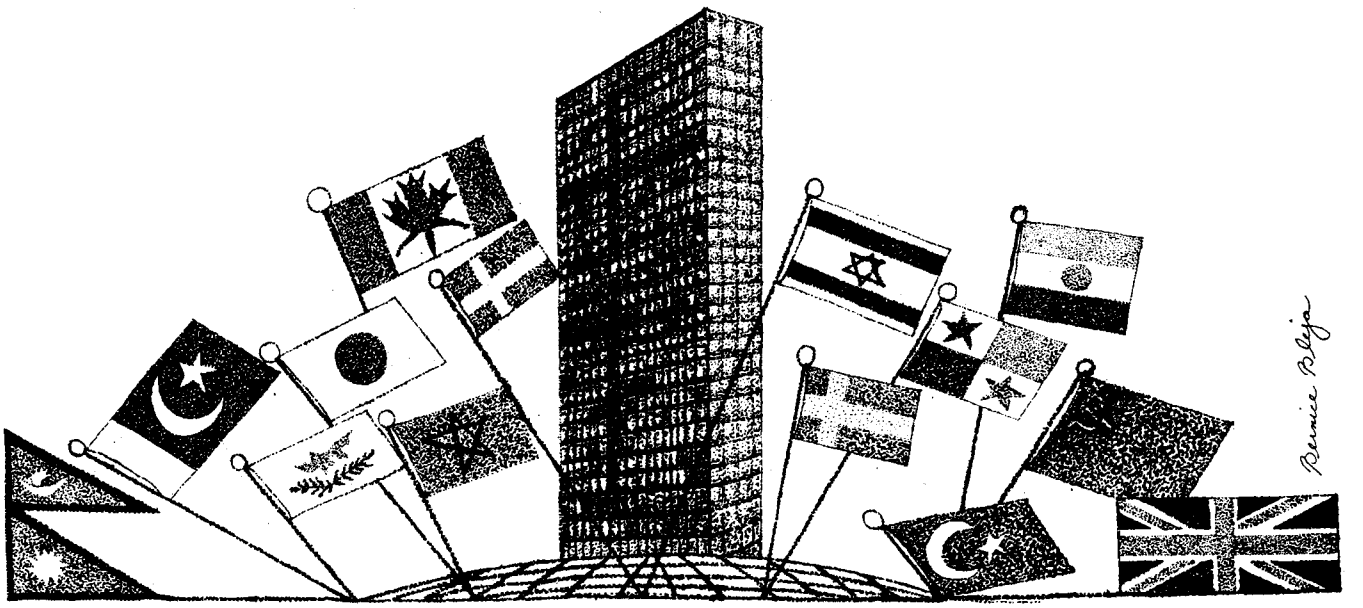
COVER STORY

The author is an experienced UN critic. Now, from a new perspective—within the UN—he has written a whole book, of which this is the first chapter, and tells how, and why, he got inside

How I Lost My Virginity and Ended Up at the United Nations



WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

In mid-June, on a weekday afternoon, I got word that John Scali had left word that I should telephone him. I knew Scali, though only slightly. We had traveled together—or more accurately, simultaneously—to China 18 months earlier, I with the press corps covering Richard Nixon's trip, Scali as a special consultant to the President. He had been many years with the Associated Press, and then diplomatic reporter for ABC. Men of power are attracted to Scali. During the missile crisis, the Soviet Ambassador asked him to communicate privately with President Kennedy. This he did, and the formula he transmitted proved to be the key to the settlement. Now he and Nixon are personal friends, Nixon having asked him to quit journalism and join the White House staff. My memory of him was of a professional, of salty tongue and disposition, slightly balding, with hard black hair, weather-beaten face, prominent nose, chain smoker, vigorous in manner and expression, yet with shy and inquiring eyes. When, asked John Scali, could he and I talk? My schedule was bad, and I suggested the following week. "That's not soon enough." We settled on the next morning, breakfast at his suite; the suite of the Permanent Representative of the United States to the United Nations, to which august position Scali had been rather inconspicuously appointed soon after the Nixon landslide. The curiosity, at the time, had been provoked not so much by the arrival of John Scali as by the departure of George Bush. Bush was known as a presidential favorite, of patrician cast, who had twice narrowly missed high elective office. When in 1970 he lost, in Texas, his race for the Senate, the President had named him to the UN, removing Charles Yost, a career diplomat whose continuation at the UN suggested less President Nixon's devotion to professionalism than his indifference to the United Nations. It isn't known what was the bargaining between Nixon and Bush, but it was felt that the designation of Bush suggested that Nixon continued to hold in esteem the office of U.S. Representative to the UN, even if he didn't hold the UN in any great esteem. And, in any case, there were treacherous waters imminently to navigate. In a few months Nixon would be announcing his intention to travel to China. A few months after that, the annual attempt would be made by the bad guys to seat Mainland China, and to eject the government-in-exile in Formosa. No doubt Nixon felt more comfortable giving instructions to Bush than to Yost, on how nicely to balance political and diplomatic considerations.

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I have said a lot of unpleasant things about Senator Fulbright. True, said Scali, but since then you've also gotten yourself a brother elected to the Senate of the United States. Don't worry about Fulbright, he said

It crossed the mind fleetingly that Bush was being punished, rather belatedly in the last weeks of 1972, for having failed to achieve the desired result in the General Assembly in the fall of 1971 on the China debate. But there was a better explanation, and it was comforting to feel that Mr. Nixon's motives are sometimes altogether discernible. Bush was needed, as the clouds of Watergate began to gather, to head the Republican Party. His presence, prestige, his family connections (his father was Senator Prescott Bush of Connecticut), his genial and incorruptible air (Bush has about him something of the air of Elliot Richardson, leavened with the feeling that he is capable of pushing you into the swimming pool with your clothes on) made him greatly needed on the morale front. His replacement by John Scali, who had never run for political office, nor had training in government, nor had any personal constituency, suggested a great and urgent need either to reward John Scali, or to situate at USUN (as they call it) someone who would work most directly the will of the President.

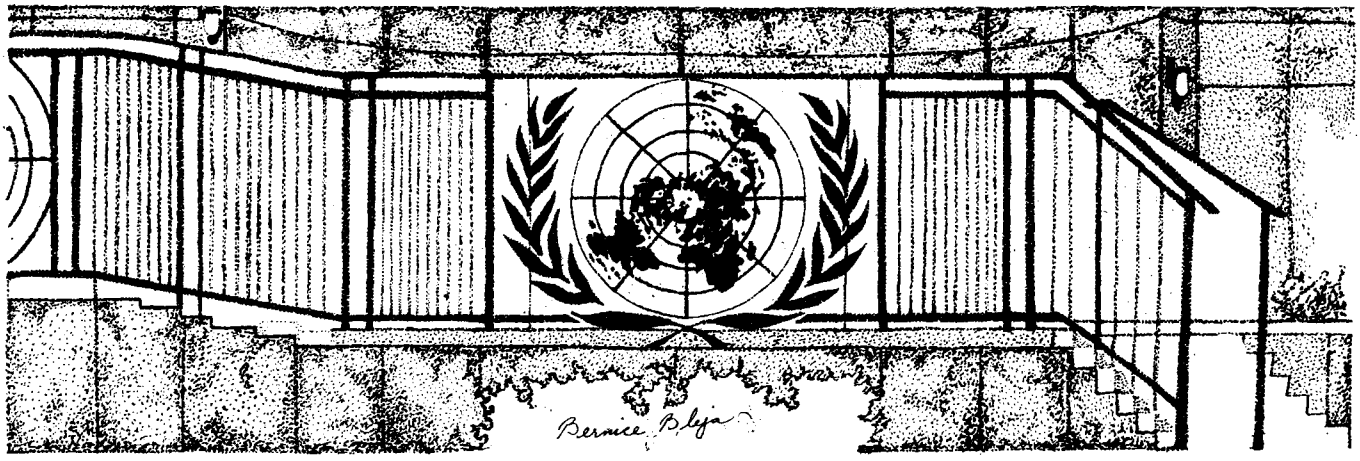
John Scali, though he enjoys badinage and reminiscence, tends to come quickly to the point. He began by telling me, as he fingered a recent book of mine, that the night before he had reread my dispatches from China, written when we had last seen each other, and that he thought they stood up very well. Since some of these were sulphuric in their criticism not so much of Richard Nixon's trip to China as of his behavior there, I was surprised, and of course pleased.

Now, he said, leaning back in his chair and swallowing coffee and cigarette smoke simultaneously—we're having a hell of a time over here at the UN. Do you know we have 150—*one hundred and fifty*—staff members down here? And enough generals and admirals to run the War Department? You know why? Because after the war they thought, those dumb bastards, that the UN would be the center of the disarmament talks, so they detailed a lot of military brass here, and they've been here ever since. You know, a few days after I got in here, one of the ambassadors came to me complaining that the United Nations doesn't get any attention in the American press. I said to him: Jean, my boy, let me tell you something. I've been a journalist all my life, and I can tell you this: if I was the editor of a New York paper, I'd give the UN *exactly* as much space as it's currently getting. *Exactly* . . . Scali pauses, like Fulton Sheen, to let you enjoy, or meditate on, the operative word.

THEN HE told me that the UN was not very newsworthy, and not very important, but that it could be made more important, and more important to the United States and the West, and that people who had given up on it shouldn't give up on it, they should learn something more about it, and its uses—its strengths as well as its weaknesses. Meanwhile, he said, it needs a higher public visibility. Would I, he said suddenly, accept an appointment as a delegate to the 28th General Assembly? What he had in mind for me, he elaborated, was to be U.S. Representative on the Human Rights Committee. "You'd occupy the same chair Eleanor Roosevelt occupied," he smiled, "and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, two years ago."

I replied that I could not imagine a more improbable designation than me to the United Nations. Had he, I asked, read what I had written in the past about the United Nations? He waved his arms as if to say that kind of thing simply doesn't matter—please don't bring it up.

What would I *do*? I asked. I would represent the United States on issues touching on human rights, at the Third Committee, which is what they call the committee that deals with human rights; and, as necessary, at the Plenary (which is what they call the General Assembly); and handle such other matters as were assigned to me, and were acceptable to me. How often would I need to be there? Well, he said, as often as you can, but we recognize that some people's schedules are more flexible than others'. Pat Moynihan, he said, insisted that he had to continue to meet with his two seminars in Cambridge two days a week, so he came to New York only three days a week, during the three-month period between mid-September and mid-December that the Assembly meets. What about my 25 out-of-town lectures? I should cancel those I could, deliver those I could not. Any



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implicit inhibitions on anything I write in my syndicated column, or say on television? None—except that I must not give away state secrets. What is the composition of the United States delegation? It follows a pattern: the Permanent Representative is of course the head of the mission, except on such occasions as the Secretary of State is physically present. Then there are a couple of ambassadors, subordinates of the Permanent Representative, who are attached to the permanent mission. Then there are two legislators, one, by tradition, Republican, the other Democratic. Then there is a public delegate—that would be me. Then there are five alternate delegates. He told me whom he had in mind.

I asked, a) have you cleared this with Nixon? And b) what makes you so sure I could get confirmed by the Fulbright Committee? Well, he had not cleared it with "the old man," but he had cleared it with General Haig, who was "terribly enthusiastic." As regards the Fulbright Committee, hadn't the identical committee cleared me when I accepted a presidential appointment in 1969 to serve on the United States Advisory Commission on Information? Yes, I said, but since then I have said a lot of unpleasant things about Senator Fulbright. True, said Scali, but since then you've also gotten yourself a brother elected to the Senate of the United States. Don't worry about Fulbright, he said.

THROUGHOUT the conversation I was privately resolved to turn the appointment down. I had pursued my questions both because I was curious about the answers he would give, and because I thought that courtesy required one not to laugh, stand up, and depart the room. I have always

In the 15 blocks between the Waldorf-Astoria and my office I changed my mind, and I do not think I concealed the reasoning even from myself. It was, I think, the only experience I ever had in pure, undiluted Walter Mittyism

wondered at the general acceptance of the notion that that is the proper behavior when something preposterous is suggested to you. Senator Weicker was at just about that time publicly expressing his astonishment, across the committee table from John Mitchell, that Mitchell had not, upon being shown by Gordon Liddy his internal security program, kicked Liddy out of his office, the government, and the Attorney General's life. Things aren't done that way. If I were asked, civilly, by a civil man, would I take on the directorship of the Gulag Archipelago, I would ask one or two questions, smile and say I'll sure think about it, leave quietly, and only then formulate my response, and my retaliation.

In the 15 blocks between the Waldorf-Astoria and my office I changed my mind, and I do not think I concealed the reasoning even from myself. It was, I think, the only experience I ever had in pure, undiluted Walter Mittyism. I saw myself there, in the center of the great assembly at the UN (which I had never visited in my twenty years in New York), holding the delegates spellbound as I read to them from Solzhenitsyn, as I described the latest account of concentration camps in Mainland China, as I pleaded the case of the ballet dancer Panov. I would cajole, wheedle, parry, thrust, mesmerize, dismay, seduce, intimidate. The press of the world would rivet its attention on the case the American delegate was making for human rights, repristinating the jaded vision of the international bureaucrats. It was a grand thought, and as I confided it to two or three of my colleagues, they caught my enthusiasm. After all, one of them—highly experienced in world affairs—pointed out, unless it's going to be in order to do that kind of thing, why would they want you? And if *you* say it, it's not the government saying it, because you are from private life. There was one possible explanation for it all, some-

"You'd occupy the same chair Eleanor Roosevelt occupied," he smiled, "and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, two years ago"

one else suggested. "Nixon may want to make a public gesture, at about this time, to someone publicly identified with the right wing." Though I told them that Nixon had not yet been advised about the appointment, we agreed that that might be only the official version. Scali, after all, was close to Nixon, and neither of them had illusions about my feelings about detente. But, probing the hypothesis, we agreed that if Nixon desired to confer some sort of special recognition on a member of the right wing, it would hardly be an appointment to the United Nations. Such an appointment, widely publicized, would rather raise doubts about my discretion among American conservatives than inspire confidence in Nixon. (Irving Kupcinet would comment in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "Is the President adopting a 'kill 'em with kindness' philosophy? He nominated one of his severest critics, William F. Buckley Jr., to serve in the UN delegation under Ambassador John Scali. But then Buckley also has harsh words for the UN. . . .") No, it had to be that the man in command of the situation—Nixon himself; or Rogers, with Nixon's consent; or Scali, with Nixon's consent—had set out to redefine America's relationship to the United Nations. There was no other plausible explanation for making me a part of the enterprise, even for so short a period. I called Scali and said yes.

THE SUMMER wore on, and though the custom is for the President to announce his nominations at the end of July, nothing happened. This was Watergate Summer, and the Executive department was not functioning at peak efficiency. This was not true of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose agents telephoned everyone I knew, or had known: including the publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW, my day-to-day colleague, Mr. William Rusher. "But," he said wearily over the telephone to the agent, "you put Mr. Buckley through all of this in 1969, do we have to do it all over again?" "Yes sir. We need to know: has Mr. Buckley done anything since 1969 that might embarrass the Nixon Administration?" "No," Rusher mused. "But since 1969 the Nixon Administration has done a great deal that has embarrassed Mr. Buckley." The delegation, now formed, stood by. □

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LETTER FROM PARIS

Giscard at the Helm

Giscard brings as fresh a breeze to Europe as the new American President brings to this side of the Atlantic —quelle chance?

ALICE-LEONE MOATS

At the end of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's first month in office, the editor of a news magazine complained that he had not yet seen the President's true face. No wonder, since the press had been too intent on creating an image to study the individual. In this case, the individual deserves study, for the French, through good sense or sheer luck, have elected a political genius with the vision, the dynamism, and the imagination to become the most influential leader in Europe.

Throughout the campaign, reams were written about Giscard's aristocratic background. After the election, there was a sudden switch to his simplicity, which, it seems, makes him resemble the common man. In fact, he is not an aristocrat but he does belong to the *haute bourgeoisie*, an elite, and his "simplicity" is nothing more than the behavior of an independent man so sure of his place in the world that he does as he pleases. What is frustrating the press is the difficulty of trying to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse.

The man whom former Socialist Premier Pierre Mendès-France calls "the most intelligent rightwinger in the world" is far too complex to fit any ready-made image. The "another Kennedy" label pinned on him, as it is on any politician under fifty who seeks or attains high office, is absurd. It would be equally valid to call him another Lincoln because he is tall and thin. Giscard is ambitious and he comes of a family remarkable for its solidarity, but the resemblance to Kennedy ends right there. One difference between the two presidents is so basic that it alone sets them poles apart: the Frenchman's rise to power was not masterminded by his father. He is the architect of his own career. He started as a civil servant, then became a deputy and was named Finance Minister at 33. The head of one of the largest private banks in France says: "In his seven years as minister, he showed great competence, and though his anti-inflationist policy was not as stringent as it might have been if he hadn't been planning to run for the presidency, his management on the whole is certainly open to very little criticism. France is one of the most prosperous countries in Europe and has committed fewer *bêtises* than its neighbors."

In the 22 years since he started up the ladder, Giscard has made so few mistakes that his adversaries in the election could find nothing to attack him on except his blue blood and what to them seemed exasperatingly obvious —that he was misrepresenting himself as the man of change since, as Finance Minister, he had been the most conservative member of a conservative government. When that didn't appear to put the voters off, Mitterrand fell back on accusing him of betraying Gaullism, and the Communist *l'Humanité* sneered that one of his great grandfathers had been a grocer!

Personal Style

He invariably commands respect and admiration and rarely inspires affection. He has few close friends but a great many passionately loyal colleagues and assistants. He can turn on a charm that is irresistible; everyone who has met him socially describes him as a delightful companion—urbane, courteous, fascinating, witty, and sometimes hilariously funny. Although he is a master at creating suspense, the dramatic gesture is not within his range. A technocrat who has suffered no bureaucratic distortion, he is a highly civilized man with a variety of interests: music (accomplished piano player, fair accordionist); sports (topnotch skier, fine shot, enthusiastic soccer player); literature (a reader of everything from history to whodunits); theater; antiques. Even on the day of his inauguration, he could dissociate himself from the occasion to greet a friend with, "*Elektra* at the Opéra tonight! Are you going?" So indifferent to money that he has turned down fabulous offers from private corporations, he remains the thrifty French

Mrs. Moats is a freelance writer who has lived in Paris for a number of years.

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bourgeois who has metal caps put on the toes and heels of his shoe soles.

He is a liberal in the original meaning of the term. Edgar Faure, his first political mentor, says: "Valéry has a profound sense of social justice. And he believes that it can be attained by a harmonious sharing of the wealth. However, to share, one must produce. And to produce, men must be left free to undertake and achieve on their own. They can be spurred on but they can't be compelled."

A pragmatist, he's not in the least concerned with ideology and doesn't even give lip service to idealism. His speeches—terse, clear, free of oratorical flourishes—are intended to appeal to the audience's reason, not its emotions. In a political argument, he either buries his opponent under an avalanche of precise figures or leaves him speechless with a comeback so matter-of-fact and incontrovertible that it is shattering. In the course of a television debate, when Mitterrand asked him why, if he was convinced that the country needed change, he hadn't done anything about it sooner, Giscard replied: "I didn't have the power to do anything about it."

Now that he has the power he is demonstrating that his talk of change was serious. Within two days of his inauguration, he had brought about the greatest political transformation that has taken place in France since 1958: the inclusion in the cabinet of the four leaders of Center reform parties and the exclusion of hardline Gaullist "barons" put an end to the continuity of policy and administrators which has been the basis of the Fifth Republic. The ministers came out of the first cabinet meeting stunned, and one confided to a friend: "I can tell you this much—Gaullism is finished. Giscard might as well have entered the room with the announcement, 'I come to bury Caesar.'"

The political stagnation of the past years, due to a ruling party that had been in power too long and an ailing president, is over. There is a fresh wind blowing from the Elysée Palace and a feeling that its present occupant is having the time of his life. The first technocrat, in the sense of a technician of government, ever to be elected chief of state, Giscard is like a mechanic who has worked on small cars all his life and suddenly gets his hands on a Rolls Royce.

There hasn't been a dull moment since he took power. Every day brings news of an innovation or a modification or an alteration. In the first month the austerity plan and social welfare program were approved by the cabinet. The voting age has been reduced to 18. Legislation has been introduced to permit the sale, with social security reimbursements, of contraceptive pills to minors. Giscard held talks with Helmut Schmidt, the West German Chancellor, on the ways and means of attaining European political and economic union. The dispute with the United States over the NATO declaration was settled. A liberalization program was initiated by calling a halt to wiretapping, broadening the right of political and intellectual asylum, and giving a greater freedom to the press. "No newspaper will be banned," Giscard declared, "even if it criticizes the president."

Opening the Doors

A start was made on streamlining the machinery of government. Giscard cut the Elysée Palace staff from 464 to below 300 and cabinet members have been instructed to follow his example in their ministries. Discussions at cabinet meetings are now restricted to topics of major importance with no time wasted on minor details. The question period in the National Assembly has been altered: instead of ministers receiving questions well ahead of time, they get them a few minutes beforehand and have no chance to prepare long-winded answers.

The new broom is sweeping into every corner. It took only a few days for the pop art and furnishings which the Pompidous had introduced into the private apartments of the eighteenth century Elysée to disappear. The courtyard of the palace has been brightened up with orange trees brought in from Versailles—and, beginning in the autumn, its doors are to be opened to the public on Sunday mornings. The route of the July 14 parade was changed from the Champs-Elysées to the stretch between the Bastille and Place de la République, which is more relevant historically. On Giscard's instructions there were more illuminations, more block dances, and more fireworks on the night of July 13.

The project for an expressway along the left bank of the Seine that would have disfigured one of the city's most beautiful and historic sites has been dropped. Giscard is apparently determined to save Paris from the automobile and the real estate speculators. He has stated: "I don't want France's history amputated. I am a reformist but also a traditionalist." He has intervened to save the *Cité Fleurie*, a garden compound of artists' studios, which was to be replaced by a ten-story building with 140 apartments.

The first month ended with a "spectacular"—the trade agreement with Iran on a wide range of industrial projects, which will bring in $5 billion. The billion-dollar advance to be paid into the Bank of France in installments is unprecedented and will help erase the $1.8-billion balance of trade deficit from the first five months of this year. Now, Giscard has turned his attention to the Augean stables of the Gaullist regime, ORTF, the state radio and television organization. Aware that neither parliament nor the unions would tolerate turning it over to private enterprise, he abolished it and set up state-owned autonomous and competitive companies for each television channel, a fourth for radio stations, and two others to handle broadcasting and production of television features. Channel 3 is to serve as a "free speech forum" for all shades of political and social thought, a new departure for ORTF, noted for its government-slanted news programs.

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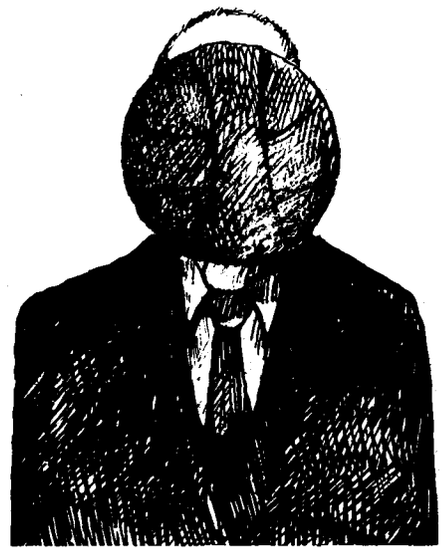
So far the most striking innovation is Giscard's insistence upon drawing the public into the country's political life. The traditional attitude has been that government is the business of professionals, to be carried on behind closed doors as much as possible. The public got involved only when it went to the polls or pulled up paving stones to build barricades. Giscard, with a very Anglo-Saxon concept of democracy, is determined to open doors and not only let the public watch what's going on but also persuade it to cooperate. He summed up his attitude at the end of a television talk: "We will bring about the change together because I count on your participation, your support, and even, I hope, your confidence." The latter is a tall order in a country where mistrust is as endemic as liver trouble, but the people are showing interest and, according to a recent poll, 72 per cent of those questioned approved of his style, while only 17 per cent expressed disapproval.

The President's three "fireside chats" on television to explain the composition of the cabinet, the austerity plan, and the social welfare program are part of the open-door policy. The public is to be informed rather than befuddled. The fact that he is doing the talking and not the prime minister also makes it evident that "*Giscard à la Barre*" was no mere campaign slogan: he is at the helm and this is an American-style presidential regime.

Deft Maneuvering

His first speech to the cabinet began, "We are here to change France, not to further our own careers," and ended, "You are friends, personal friends as far as your problems, worries, and life are concerned, but as officeholders you are men in the service of France and nothing else." In between, he served notice on the cabinet that it is to work closely with the National Assembly and, on the National Assembly, that he plans to follow his own advice to Pompidou: "If you want good laws, make parliament work."

The tone was certainly confident for a president who took office to a chorus of dark prophecies and dire warnings of immediate troubles from the Left (because the Socialist-Communist bloc had won nearly half the vote), as well as from the Right (because the UDR, the Gaullist party, had given him only



grudging support and might prove so fractious that new legislative elections would have to be held). Every factor was taken into consideration except one —Giscard. An omission difficult to understand in view of his record and his experience in parliament. Mitterrand, recalling his first impression of Giscard as a young deputy, says: "I soon saw that what we had there was a brilliant parliamentarian of the first rank—on the level of men like Caillaux, Poincaré, Tardieu . . ." Such an expert parliamentarian might have been expected to know how to handle the members of the House, and his record shows that he has infallible timing, shrewd psychological insight, unusual powers of persuasion, luck, and a sixth sense that causes him to abandon a sinking ship long before anybody else has even noticed it's listing.

With the serenity that characterizes him, Giscard set about strengthening his position in a way that could serve as the main chapter in a textbook on politics. His choice of Prime Minister Jacques Chirac and four other UDR ministers faithfully reflects the parliamentary majority. Appeasement? Not exactly, inasmuch as Chirac is the man who worked behind the scenes to block the candidacy of Jacques Chaban-Delmas; and of the four others, only the Minister of Equipment, Robert Galley, is a Gaullist of stature. Still, the UDR's face was saved and all its deputies joined in the 297 to 181 vote of confidence on the government program.

Three Independent Republicans, four centrists, and four civil servants mirror the new majority. The key posts—Interior, Finance, Foreign Affairs, Industry—went to Michel Poniatowski, Jean-Pierre Fourcade, Jean Sauvagnargues, and Michel d'Ornano, men absolutely devoted to Giscard. Poniatowski is his closest friend and ablest ally. Their understanding is so perfect that they communicate in a kind of verbal shorthand, and it can be taken for granted that any statement Poniatowski makes is an accurate presentation of the President's thoughts and opinions. He is reputed to be the descendant of Talleyrand through an illegitimate child of the Duc de Morny and it may be so, for his political intuition and subtlety could well have been inherited from France's most famous foreign minister. Always described as "viscerally anti-Communist," Poniatowski as Minister of the Interior, in control of the police, is a direct challenge to the Left.

Undercutting the Left

Giscard came out of the campaign with so few political debts that the only payoffs were the four centrists. In this strangest assortment of bedfellows that politics ever tucked under one blanket, the strangest of all was Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. Instantly the question was asked, "How long can a man so violently opposed to atomic tests and Concorde stay in the same cabinet with Gaullists?" The answer was 280 hours —the first cabinet streaker. He gave his press conference to protest the renewal of atomic tests at 9:30 on a Sunday morning; at 10:55 that night came the news flash that he had been dismissed. It doesn't take Giscard long to make up his mind.

Some political experts predict that Chirac may be the next to go, as he is anti-Europe. If he should clash with Giscard on the EEC, he would get the backing of the UDR. While it doesn't seem likely that the man who, despite his position first as Minister of Agriculture and later as Minister of the Interior, was called "Pompidou's errand boy" would openly defy the President, he is said to be very stubborn, and also ambitious. He would have preferred the Ministry of Finance which is considered a better springboard to the Elysée than the Prime Ministership, always a potentially disastrous post.

It is Giscard's intention to broaden his base by eroding the fringes of both the Left and the Right. His ultimate aim is to crack the unity of the Left. He believes that it can be done because class warfare is a thing of the past,

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and the young will cease to be attracted to the Socialist and Communist parties, which haven't produced a new idea in a generation.

For the moment, he is busily cutting the ground out from under the Left. His austerity plan is of the soak-the-rich variety: almost two-thirds of the money that Giscard figures is needed to erase France's balance of payments deficit by the end of next year is to come from a one-shot 18 per cent increase in company taxes, payable September 15. Personal income tax has been raised on a sliding scale of 5 to 15 per cent for the nearly two million Frenchmen in the upper brackets. The reaction to the plan has been surprisingly mild. The rich are resigned. They knew when they voted for Giscard that his "change without risk" meant there would be no radical transformation of the capitalist system but that, in the first six months, he would go further and faster in carrying out needed reforms and curbing inflation than Mitterrand would have dared to do without a majority in parliament. The leftists, who are going to grumble whatever the government does, have found little to say except that the plan discriminates against wage earners, whose salaries are declared by their employers, while profiteers will go right on cheating Internal Revenue. A good example of leftist logic.

A financier who has associated both socially and professionally with Giscard for many years says: "Valéry is a budget and tax man, and the plan shows that he is primarily concerned with balancing the budget and filling the till. He has used the classical means of halting inflation by reducing spending and we won't be able to judge the effectiveness of his plan until autumn. But he may be faced with a situation that has no solution. It's just possible that the price of oil is intolerable. By November things may be so bad that wages and prices will have to be frozen." Giscard has admitted privately that this possibility can't be ruled out.

The social welfare program calls for a 7.5 per cent increase in the minimum wage, to $1.30 an hour, and a 21 per cent increase in the guaranteed minimum allowance for aged people, to $1,285 a year. Legislation will soon follow to cover such matters as job security, the improvement of working and living conditions, and the increased participation of workers in management. In an effort to turn the Left into a kind of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, Giscard is keeping the lines open to the Socialist and Communist parties and the unions. Chirac has discussed the new legislation with the representatives of the labor unions and, at the first meeting, persuaded them to follow Giscard's one-step-at-a-time technique, to work on each problem separately rather than insist that all their demands be met at once. As Giscard put it in his campaign speeches, "A person who talks about everything says nothing. A person who promises everything promises nothing."

A Paris–Bonn Axis?

In international affairs, Giscard is for conciliation without submission. He is as jealous of France's independence as de Gaulle, but is more open-minded and realistic. He knows that independence is a relative term and the only freedom a nation has is in the choice of allies on whom to depend. The alteration that has already taken place in France's attitude toward the United States, as shown in the NATO compromise and the instruction to the Foreign Minister to be "amiable," indicates that he would rather be dependent on us than some other countries that could be mentioned. However, he was not prepared to go so far as to run to the Brussels meeting when Mr. Nixon whistled for him. One of his aides said, "He couldn't, and it's surprising that Mr. Nixon, or at least Dr. Kissinger, shouldn't have realized this."

His attitude toward the Soviet Union is cautious. While he wants to stay on good terms with the Russians and is prepared to trade with them, a Europe extending from the Atlantic to the Urals is not on his map. "Let's not delude ourselves," he told a visitor recently. "Russia is still a threat."

His friendship with German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, and their mutual trust, is going to lead to what would once have been considered an impossibility: a Paris-Bonn axis. The use of the phrase is frowned upon, but that is what it will be: the EEC will rotate around it. Giscard wants the Common Market enlarged and "Mediterraneanized" to include the Iberian Peninsula, Greece, and perhaps even Yugoslavia after Tito's death. He is indifferent to England. As far as he's concerned, Mr. Wilson can either stay or pick up his marbles and depart. He and Schmidt agree that Italy can't be allowed to go down the drain, and funds for a salvage operation will have to be found. However, there is no intention of throwing money away: there will be plenty of strings attached to make sure that it's spent for the right purposes.

France, so long accused of being the Sleeping Beauty of the Common Market, is about to be awakened by Prince Charming. Giscard is a fervid believer in the EEC and feels that France with "her talent for innovation" can make a major contribution toward its success. "This inventive power of ours must be adapted and put to use in the modern world."

The Belgian Prime Minister, after his talk with Giscard, went even further: "The fate of Europe," he said, "is in France's hands." □

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LETTER FROM ATHENS

The Anti-American Campaign

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

EN ROUTE to the airport, to cover the arrival of left wing firebrand Andreas Papandreou, son of the former prime minister George Papandreou, I watched a mob of young men burn an American-built car despite the protests of its owner, a Greek. This was just one of many such anti-American acts in the fortnight following the Cyprus fighting. A sampling: *Item.* The beating of three Sudanese, who had been taken for American Negroes. The left wing paper *Athinaiki*, reporting the incident, said the people were right to beat up "anyone resembling an American." *Item.* Dave Tonge, the BBC's man in Greece, thrusting a mike into a crowd of rampaging Papandreou youths and urging them to yell "Kissinger murderer" for the audience back in Britain. *Item.* Stories in the leftist press urging taxi drivers not to pick up Americans, instructing the state-controlled radio not to play American music, inciting mobs to destroy American property, attack American dependents. *Item. Avgi*, the Communist daily, saying flat out that former strongmen George Papadopoulos and Demetrios Ioannidis were paid agents of the CIA and that Kissinger personally ordered Ioannidis to kill Makarios. *Item.* On the day after the murder of U.S. Ambassador Rodger Davies in Nicosia, *Apogevmatini*, the largest afternoon paper in Athens, reporting that a U.S. Marine guard had caused the riot and subsequent death of the Ambassador by "provoking the crowd with taunts and finally by shooting at it."

Now the case of *Apogevmatini* is particularly interesting, and illustrative of the Greek press. Until very recently it was very pro-American; until July 23 it was an ardent supporter of the military regime. The flipflop came overnight. One day it was extolling the Americans, the next it was explaining in great detail how Henry Kissinger had plotted to start a war between the two communities on Cyprus in order to effect a partition of the island that would net the U.S. two bases on Cyprus, one on the Turkish and one on the Greek side.

The wave of anti-Americanism fanned by the domestic press was made easier by something we Greeks call *filotimo*. The closest English word to *filotimo* is pride, but the word means more. It can be used in Greek to mean pride in a job well done, but also when one is lying in order to save face.

On the surface there was little for the Greeks to be ashamed of in the conduct of the Greek Cypriots, who defended themselves courageously against overwhelming odds: they were fighting off Phantom jets and tanks with World War II–vintage rifles. Rather than swallow this defeat and explain the failure of the government to aid the Cypriots, all sorts of alternative explanations were advanced: the U.S. Sixth Fleet prevented Greek troopships from leaving for Cyprus; Greece was told she would have to fight both Turkey and the United States if she moved to help the Cypriots; Henry Kissinger is a murderer; etc.

And to make the story even more persuasive and the U.S. even more villainous, it turned out suddenly that it was the Americans, not the junta that had kept the brave people of Greece captive for seven long years when, in fact—except for certain elements among the bourgeoisie and the intellectuals—there had been little or no overt resistance to the Colonels.

The government of Constantine Karamanlis calls itself a government of national salvation and encompasses all political factions except the Communists and, at least at this writing, Andreas Papandreou himself, although five members of his party are in the cabinet. Papandreou, who rushed back to Greece from Canada where he had been teaching in a university for some years, has failed to give his followers direction. He has concentrated his vitriol in attacks on the Karamanlis government as a puppet of the United States, CIA, NATO, imperialism, Kissinger, whatever. But he has offered the country no alternative. Despite his vacillation, Papandreou is believed to have the support of about 10 per cent of the population, mainly because of his father's name. The late George Papandreou, head of the Center Union Party, was a great orator, a consummate politician, a demagogue.

Caught in the virulent anti-Americanism that Papandreou and everyone else is exploiting, has been U.S. Ambassador to Athens Henry Tasca, who was recalled a week ago. Tasca denies published stories that he had worked to bolster the regimes first of the colonels and then of the generals, and says he has the cables to prove it. "When history is written," he told me, "I will be exonerated from the charges against me." If he was such a supporter of the military, he asks, how come that on the day that General Ioannidis stepped down five dissident politicians, including Evangelos Averoff, the defense minister, called on him to congratulate him for his efforts in behalf of Greek freedom? Averoff, incidentally, says there is no truth in the reports that the ouster of Archbishop Makarios was engineered by the United States. Ioannidis decided on that step alone, he says, and when the Americans found out what he was up to, they did their best to dissuade him.

THE DANGER now is that the Communists and the leftists may try to move out the street mobs against the Karamanlis government. Karamanlis himself, as wise as he is courageous, is trying not to be stampeded. He has stood up against pressures to go to war with Turkey. He has promised elections within two to six months. He has managed to dismantle most of the infrastructure of the military government, quietly and efficiently. He seems ready to negotiate with Turkey not only over Cyprus but also over the disputed Aegean oil rights. But in order to take the steam out of the mounting campaign against America and NATO he took Greece out of the NATO alliance.

The American bases in Greece remain in danger as Karamanlis—the only leader capable of neutralizing the Communists—is jockeyed by popular outcry into anti-American positions. □

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UNCLE SAM AND THE LITTLE GUY

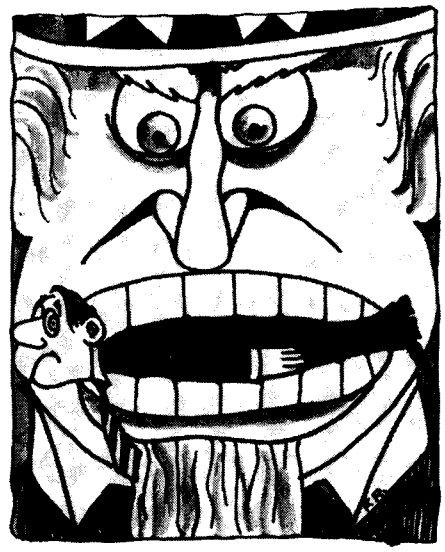
A Woeful Tale of Interest Rates, Housing Markets, and Other Man-Made Disasters

MICHAEL A. KLEIN

IF THE VALIDITY of a conviction can be measured by its longevity and the tenacity with which it is held, then the Federal Government is surely the last and best hope for protecting the man of small income from the ravages of an economic system which, to quote a phrase of the Indiana Public Interest Research Group, "places corporate greed above public need." You bought Hai Karate but have yet to defend yourself against the advertised onslaught of feminine lust? Contact the FTC (or is it the FDA?). Did Crushem Van Lines strap your original Philadelphia highboy to the outside rear of the van and proceed to back into a brick wall? The Interstate Commerce Commission is the place. Perhaps during the recent energy "crisis" you could locate only one open service station on an otherwise deserted road and discovered that they were charging 99 cents a gallon for gasoline. Obviously you would rather pay 50 cents a gallon for gasoline which isn't available than 99 cents for gasoline which is. Contact the Division of Price Gouging and Generally Antisocial Behavior of the Internal Revenue Service.

In the light of this conviction, it may be instructive to examine the behavior of the Federal Government in one area which has a significant and continuing effect on the financial well being of virtually every American family. I refer to the regulation of interest rates payable by financial intermediaries, and primarily commercial banks and Savings and Loan Associations, to their depositors. It is a sad tale, sometimes an intricate one, but it is well worth understanding. I will try to convince you that in an effort to enforce restrictions on competition within and between the commercial bank and S&L industries the Federal Government has a) continuously discriminated against the little guy; b) increased the cost and reduced the availability of home mortgage money, particularly during periods of high inflation; and c) increased the cost to all taxpayers of servicing the national debt.

Lower and middle income families rely heavily on the deposits of financial intermediaries as a repository of liquid



wealth, by which I mean wealth in addition to any equity a family might have in real estate, automobiles, business, etc. In 1966, the Federal Reserve Board undertook a comprehensive Survey of Financial Characteristics of Consumers, the data of which relate to the end of 1962. Although the numbers have, of course, changed over the last decade, the general patterns are similar. Table I gives an abbreviated breakdown of the composition of consumer portfolios classified by the size of the portfolio. The portfolio is simply defined as the sum of *liquid assets* (checking accounts, savings accounts at banks and S&Ls, and U.S. Savings Bonds) and *investment assets* (holdings of publicly traded stocks and bonds).

The overall pattern is unmistakable. Liquid assets, primarily the deposit liabilities of banks and S&Ls, are of overwhelming importance in small portfolios while constituting an almost negligible component of larger ones. The interest earnings from these holdings represent a significant proportion of all nonlabor income for small savers. Yet the interest rate applicable to these holdings is not determined by the competition of these institutions for savers' funds. Instead, it is determined by regulatory decree.

As a result of the Banking Act of 1933, maximum interest rates were imposed by the Federal Reserve on time and savings deposits at commercial banks. That same Act prohibited "directly or indirectly, by any device whatsoever," the payment of interest on checking accounts. The original Act applied only to Federal Reserve member banks but was extended to all insured banks by the Banking Act of 1935 which established the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Thus, all federally insured commercial banks have operated under these regulations for almost forty years. Savings & Loans were brought under formal deposit rate regulations in 1966. The maximum rates established for banks, as of November 1, 1973, are given in Table II.

THE INITIAL justification for these ceilings was a belief that interest rate competition increased banks' costs, leading banks to engage in unsound lending policies; these policies were believed to be responsible for the large number of bank failures after 1929. Careful studies by Albert Cox, George Benston, and others do not bear favorably on this hypothesis. Moreover, it is easy to exaggerate the impact that such controls actually have on bank costs.

For example, the prohibition of interest on demand deposits is evaded in a variety of ways, the most common being a direct or indirect rebate on service charges incurred by a depositor in the use of checking accounts. According to a recent Federal Reserve survey, almost 25 per cent of bank time and savings deposits are in accounts of $100,000 or more and are, therefore, not subject to the interest ceiling. Passbook savings accounts, on which the limitation is very severe, ac-

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counted for less than 35 per cent of all time and savings deposit funds.

Actually, the argument that a healthy banking industry requires deposit ceilings is not heard frequently these days. A different argument, but one leading to the same policy implications, is currently fashionable: that the health of the Savings & Loan Industry would be imperiled by free competition from banks. S&Ls, the argument goes, cannot compete with banks for funds. The reason is that Congress and state legislatures have insisted that their deposits be short term while their assets consist almost exclusively of home mortgages which a) carry fixed interest rates and b) are long term investments. By contrast, banks invest in a wider variety of earning assets, many of them short term. Thus, as interest rates rise banks can turn over their maturing assets without taking capital losses and reinvest the proceeds in newly acquired higher yielding assets. This allows banks to pay more for deposits. Under these conditions, the S&Ls would be caught in a profit squeeze; the costs of deposits would rise but the return on their portfolio would be relatively constant. The logic of the argument requires that S&Ls be protected from each other as well as from commercial banks and, *mirabile dictu*, in 1966 maximum interest rates were extended to S&Ls.

TABLE I

Share of Portfolio in Specified Form by Size of Portfolio for Consumer Units with Head Aged 35-54

Size of Portfolio	Total	Liquid Assets				Investment Assets
		All	Checking Accts.	Savings Accts.	U.S. Savings Bonds	
$1-499	100	98	47	38	13	2
$2,000-4,999	100	66	13	45	8	34
$10,000-24,999	100	39	5	30	4	61
$25,000-49,999	100	22	3	18	2	78
$100,000-499,999	100	12	3	7	2	88
$500,000 and over	100	4	2	2	*	96

*Less than ½ of 1%
Source: Federal Reserve Survey

TABLE II

Type of Deposit	Maximum Rate
Regular Savings Deposit	5%
Other Time Deposits	
Less than $100,000	
30-89 day maturity	5
90 days to 1 year	5½
1 to 2½ years	6
2½ years or more	6½
4 years or more in minimum denominations of $1,000	7¼
$100,000 or more	No limit

Source: Federal Reserve Board
Rate schedules applicable to S&Ls are similar but allowed rates are slightly higher

THERE IS an element of truth in this analysis. Financial theory suggests that diversification may be as important to the viability of a financial institution as specialization is to the success of an economic system. Indeed, the recent report of the President's Commission on Financial Structure and Regulation has recommended that S&Ls be granted a widened range of loan options in order to allow them to compete more effectively with the more highly diversified banking industry. In addition, it recommended the more widespread adoption of variable rate mortgages, mortgages whose yield would fluctuate systematically with money market conditions.

Nonetheless, the above argument is somewhat disingenuous. One of the economic functions served by an S&L is to speculate on the future course of interest rates so that others, home buyers in this case, need not assume the risk. To this end, an S&L accumulates reserves to protect itself should market interest rates rise unexpectedly. Yet, as Professor Tobin has pointed out, during every period of rising interest rates from 1966 to 1970 the reserves of these institutions continued to rise. This pattern has continued up to the present time. In other words, interest rates payable to depositors were held down by law so that S&Ls could continue to add to their undistributed profits at the normal rate.

Unhappily for both the regulators and the regulated institutions, however, in a free society savers can turn elsewhere in accumulating assets. And they have an annoying propensity to do just that. The share of savings deposits in the financial portfolios of households is closely and inversely related to the spread between market interest rates and the rates payable on deposits. When market rates rise relative to deposit interest rates, funds are pulled out of financial institutions in a process horrendously referred to as "disintermediation." Into what assets are these funds diverted? Until recently a favorite of the small investor was the issues of Uncle Sam himself, particularly U.S. Treasury Bills. These are short term securities whose yields are determined by a competitive auction procedure. Prior to 1970, they could be purchased in minimum denominations of $1,000.

Uncle Sam's ingenuity is not so easily exhausted, however. In 1970 the Treasury imposed a minimum requirement of $10,000 for investment in Treasury Bills. Now, a new government bank, tentatively called the Federal Financing Bank, is coming into existence. Its function is to raise money on the open market for about twenty independent federal agencies. The minimum denomination in which it will issue securities is $10,000. Why? Because it is too expensive to raise money in smaller amounts? No. Uncle Sam is worried about the competition his borrowing will mean for S&Ls and the housing market. Insulating S&Ls from

(Continues on page 1057)

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LETTER FROM ARGENTINA

A Chilean Looks at Post-Perón Argentina

NENA OSSA

BUENOS AIRES is a city on the go. Its excellent restaurants are jammed; its boutiques outdo Paris; its bookstores outdo New York; and its art galleries certainly outdo the rest of Latin America. The world's top films run here before they run in London; the theater is better than in Madrid; the night life is hectic. Wines are nearing European standards; and, when available, Argentinian steaks are still the best. The Argentinians, a sophisticated, very good-looking people, know that Buenos Aires, with its French architecture, is one of the most attractive cities in the Western world. Today it forms the backdrop for a chaotic political drama.

Present or in exile, Juan Perón was Argentina's center of gravity, a sun that dwarfed all other stars during thirty years. When Perón fell ill and knew he would die, he put together a packaged government in which he assembled nearly all Argentinian political forces: labor, industry, Peronists, the military, even political opponents. Only the Marxist extremists on the left and the anarchical extremists on the right were excluded. And during Perón's funeral obsequies, under the dome of the Senate, this heterogeneous cluster of supporters gathered to consecrate themselves to the dead leader's dream. As in feudal times, the liegemen of the dead leader pledged their support to the chosen heir as they came forward one by one to vow loyalty to President Isabelita Perón: General Anaya, commander-in-chief of the Armed Forces, pledged their support; the president of the CGT (*Confederación General de Trabajadores*) took the pledge for the workers of the nation; Senate president José Antonio Allende pledged the allegiance of the lawmakers; and pledges were given by the heads of various political parties, Peronist and non-Peronist.

But will this unlikely coalition hold together? And if so, for how long? Guerrilla warfare in Argentina has reached new heights in recent months. To a visiting Chilean the graffiti glimpsed on walls all the way from Ezeiza Airport to the heart of the city remind one of Salvador Allende's first months of glory. But it doesn't take long to discover that the Chilean Miristas were pikers compared to the Argentinian agitators: the ERP (*Ejército Revolucionario del Pueblo*), FAR (*Fuerzas Armadas de la Revolución*), FAL (*Fuerzas Armadas de Liberación*), and the many other Maoist or Fidelista activists. They mean business. Or so it seemed this summer when not far from where I was standing ex-judge Jorge Vicente Quiroga, who had taken a forceful stand against extremists while on the bench, was shot to death. Less than 15 days after Perón's death, the façade of unity was shattered when extremists shot and killed Señor Mor Roig, a millionaire politician. And the killings have continued.

THE extremists' deeds make the papers every day, but those in the know say many political deaths go entirely unreported. Foreign business executives are illuminating on the situation. "I am reaching the point where I'd rather be kidnapped than remain a prisoner of my bodyguards with no private life at all," a top executive of an American firm told me. He had gone through the usual emotional reactions that accompany a wave of kidnappings—astonishment, worry, tension, exile to Montevideo, back to tension, and now a to-hell-with-it attitude. "Why be bothered?" he continued. "When the ERP want a man no bodyguard can stop them."

Surprisingly, Argentinians themselves do not seem deeply worried. "Perón believed there were no more than 15,000 activists [others put the number at 60,000], including the terrorists themselves and their supporters—doctors, car owners, etc.," a government official said not long ago, "but the hundreds of extremists that have crossed over from Chile do worry us." He seemed confident, however. "Violence," he said "can be rapidly wiped out. In two years there'll be no extremists around." A well known leftist journalist saw the situation quite differently. "Chile's violence was emotional, sincere," he told me, "ours is cold-blooded, surgical. The extremists need money and they get it. Nothing is left to chance." He spoke with pride. And it is true that the $14 million in ransom paid for the release of Quiroga and others will free the extremists to practice vendettas that don't necessarily enrich their coffers.

THE guerillas are one unsettling feature, another is the economy. The worker-management agreements so deftly engineered by José B. Gelbard, Perón's minister of economy, are falling apart. "Fixed" wages and prices are increasing while raw materials, industrial spare parts, and a list of basic foods can be found only on the black market. Government economists boast that Gelbard has managed to reactivate production. But at what price? The car industry is said to be losing $1 million a week. The glass-packing industry has lost $1 million since January 1. Industrial investments are off and, significantly, technicians are leaving the country by the dozens. There is an uneasiness in Argentina over Gelbard's motives and his associates. His right hand man is said to be a Soviet agent. Jacobo Timmerman, editor of the left wing *La Opinión*, is a Gelbard partner. The business agreements he has made with Cuba have been just short of disastrous. A Salvador Allende type of inflation, plus the rocketing price of the black market dollar, is beginning seriously to affect Argentina's economy.

The Armed Forces? The general belief in Buenos Aires is that they will remain aloof. Since 1930, with a very few exceptions, the military have been in power. They are aware that time and a badly run economy have utterly eroded their prestige. The words the beautiful wife of a highly placed Peronista spoke a few days before Perón's death are unforgettable: "I hate the military . . .

(Continues on page 1056)

Mrs. Ossa is NR's correspondent in Santiago.

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Une Fausse Idée Claire

Une fausse idée claire, a clear but false idea, is a label Alexis de Tocqueville liked to use. He believed that such ideas are especially apt to sprout in democracies, where everybody is called upon to pass judgment on almost everything. Even today most of us still tend to think that simple explanations are nearer to the truth than complex ones. There is a very good psychological explanation for this: man is inclined to believe that whereas falsehood must hide behind a smokescreen of verbosity, truth is not afraid to present itself plain and unalloyed.

Yet the universe—the whole of creation—is immensely complex; there is no simple, easily explained truth about cancer, nuclear fission, the origins of World War I, Platonic philosophy, the anatomy of a cow, higher mathematics, or a transistor radio. It does not take long to explain the Islamic faith (one of the reasons for its continued spreading), whereas Christianity is a most complicated creed. Anyone who thinks the Bible is easily understood has certainly not read it. Theologians of the first order have interpreted crucial passages differently. Hence the schisms, rifts, wars, and persecutions in the name of our religion. I can explain socialism to almost anybody in fifteen minutes, but to give a rational account of the free market economy ("capitalism" is the dirtier word for it) would require a seminar. Socialism (including Communism) is very distinctly a *fausse idée claire* and so, needless to say, was Nazism.

World Problems

Around the globe, but especially in Europe, a not-so-new clear but false idea is gaining currency. The man in the street is putting the blame for the world's problems, not on the trade unions or the wily Arabs, but on the international corporations. It is they, we are told, who are the source of our economic troubles (e.g., inflation and decreased production), who are responsible for the misery in the developing nations; they exploit the entire world, they even curtail the sovereignty of certain nations. Thus some benighted people were made to believe that the Vietnam war was the work of Wall Street and of the large corporations.

In order to understand these beliefs we should observe that they come from the Left. Although Socialism/Communism envisions a centrally governed world state, the fact remains that all existing socialisms are "national socialisms" and have therefore a sentimental, i.e., nationalistic, aspect. To be "bossed" by a local corporation is bad enough; to be pushed around by an international, read "alien," corporation is worse: first, because such an enterprise tends to export its profits, and second because it hurts to see one's native soil exploited. Reactions in emerging nations can be extreme. But even a German, taking pride in the fact that a Mercedes is truly a product of his own country, might resent the fact that the production of the German Ford or General Motors' Opel is governed from abroad.

What the Left does not recognize is that Big Business, spanning the globe and thus purposely or inadvertently having global interests, has a real stake in peace and understanding—which the Marxists, envisioning a world state centrally governed by themselves, claim as their monopoly. And so it is that the Left attempts to arouse nationalistic and xenophobic sentiments. The vision of alien capitalists driving Rolls Royces in their alien lands while the "foreign companies" let their workers starve fires the imagination, as does the payment of high salaries by foreign entrepreneurs to their "imported" managers and experts. What is conveniently overlooked is that special rewards are justified for the hardships a life abroad almost always entails.

There is another reason for the Left's opposition to the international companies: unlike the purely national ones, they have a mobility all their own, allowing them to prosper here today and there tomorrow. Jews in pre-Nazi Europe were hated partly because they were an "elusive" people with a knack for operating in various countries, and because they were "internationally connected" and could always utilize the situation most favorable to their business.

When the cry for "nationalization" (i.e., socialization, i.e., confiscation plus state ownership) is raised, the first victims of such robbery are most usually the foreign firms. In our allegedly pluralistic but actually conformist age, the demand for unity and uniformity is the loudest of all—"a foreign enterprise has no place in our national economy!"

To the Left the very thought that there should exist an outfit more or less beyond state control is unbearable; it is a most reactionary concept—and smacks of freedom. But even on the Right, which until the middle of the last century was internationally minded (there was the supranational Catholic Church, the interracial dynasties, the international aristocracy), anything transcending the purely local is now becoming suspect.

Compare the Records

Power is often scandalous, often misused, but let no one tell you that the historical record of national governments is better than the record of international corporations. It is not. Furthermore the record of those governments that have favored free enterprise is far better than the record of those that have socialized the means of production (like the Soviet Union) or put them under totalitarian control (like Nazi Germany). Standard Oil, Royal Dutch Shell, General Motors, Unilever, ITT, the Société Générale, or United Fruit may at times not have been very generous with salaries and wages, but they did not enslave millions, establish sub-Arctic labor camps, or murder and cremate myriads of innocents. So if international companies sometimes acquire a certain independence, play at politics, and escape the straitjacket of national boundaries, this ought to worry us far less than the concentration of power in the hands of the state, which Nietzsche called *das kälteste aller Ungeheuer*, the coldest of all monsters. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

County Fair

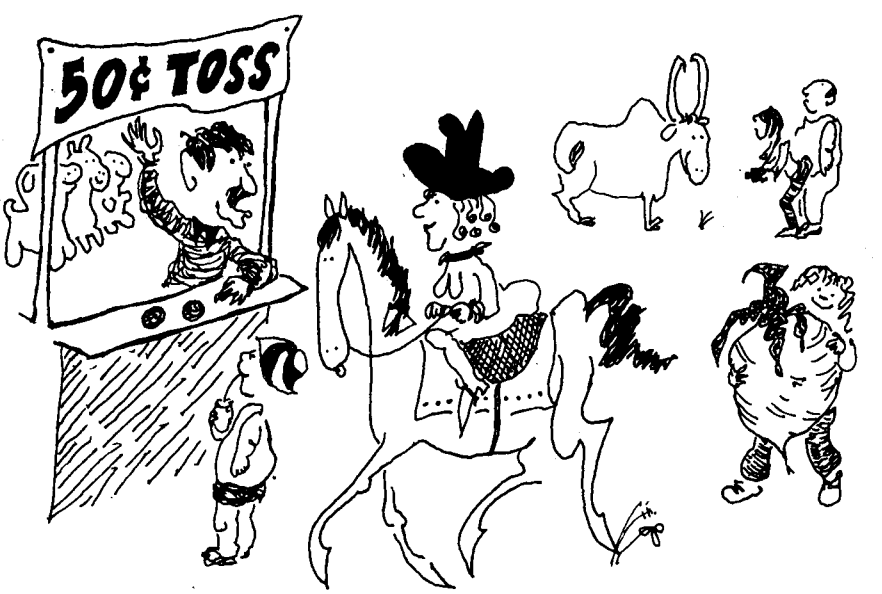
It's stencharama, man. The bass-baritone stink of somnolent livestock; fried dough and jelly apples gone rotten, sick sweetness enough to send diabetics into coma on the inhale. For 15 minutes my wife and her incontinent three-year-old get locked in a dark Port-O-San. They come out shaken and blinking, bent into arthritic postures: like an iron maiden, my wife reports. Yet, just across the midway, a gorgeous beige cow is being drip-dried, lathery and svelte as a film starlet in some DeMille bathtub scene. Her mistress is eight or nine: blond, pert, built for cowscrubbing; she could make cameo appearances on a box of Swiss chocolate. The Orange County Fair thrives; for nine days twice the size of Coney Island. It's America sober and America drunk. The same soil-knuckled guy on a bender until milking time tomorrow.

The burlesque show didn't make it this year: editorial pressure from a killjoy local newspaper. No big city women, jaded and body-toneless as the broads in a 5¢ peep show—shove your nickel down the slot and even their film images protest, hauling sciatic hips through a pre-World War II grind. But the shill-skill games are there, forty or fifty of them. Not rigged exactly, but anyone who can put three basketballs through a volleyball sized hoop goes from Middletown, New York to the Vatican, no bush league stops in between. Posters for the gorilla girl, who will transmute herself into an ape "before your *very* eyes," very being the comparative or superlative of vision. And the various giants: steer, alligator, horse. We visit the steer. Samson is lying down, dewlap deep in bass-baritone odors, just our luck. "Waal, we're gonna poke him up in an hour." We get stamped: free readmission to the grand levee. Four days later and my wrist still says STEER.

You wonder they don't crack up listening to the tape loops—"Big Willie weighs over thirteen hundred pounds, he's over ten feet long and over"—and over again, a thousand repetitions *per diem*, nine *dies* running. "Y'gotta shoot every damn speck outa the letter B," says the Texan. "We travel all over, the wife and me, goin' west from here, but out East you find fourteen, fifteen different mixed race types. They don't understand us, we don't understand them. They think we're cheating 'em; this here's an honest game, not easy, but honest. The fair business is dying what with all this consumer protection. Still, it's a good life. Get to see people. We like people. You want a try?" Every damn speck. Portable TVs on his prize shelf look so old they probably bring in the Ed Sullivan Show.

YET THE rest is seasoned and honest as barn siding: 4H, Grange, Lions, Kiwanis, Future Farmers of America. A man from the Gideons tells me, "Holiday Inn won't open a new place until we get there." It seems exaggerative (MOTEL CLOSED DUE TO SCRIPTURE SHORTAGE) but I've taken my two chapters a day gratefully from six dozen different Gideon Bibles in six dozen different towns. A 4H exhibit bigger than the Natural History Museum's reptile room does one good. Ten thousand devoted child hours: cakes, nature scrapbooks, insect collections, belts, dolls, superstar vegetables. One hammered copper door emblem catches all the brummagem carny noise in a curved shell shape and deposits it harmless beyond the ionosphere.

I have trouble placing the horse people. They don't go with the 4H exhibit; horse people are homespun as *Mademoiselle* or Candy Darling, may he/she rest in peace. They don't go with the midway come-ons; horse people aren't quite that phony. Not quite. I feel for teenaged boys at the fair. Hundreds of them have been cuckolded spiritually by a horse. You watch the slim 14- and 15-year-old girls grooming with an intensity that is subsexual, there's no other definition for it. And their mothers: Stetsons, coordinated pastel pink or blue or yellow outfits, spurs and Gucci boots. Right hand dead on the thigh, they pose, cement-faced, as their butts are pulsed upward by an insatiable saddle. Over a thousand entries in the horse show this year. I watch one all-green lady try unsuccessfully to back her mount between two planks, the equivalent of angle parking. My wife tells me it's called dressage. You'd ex-



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pect some Frog-sounding word, of course, but by any name it's not an activity worth human attention. The nation becomes Houyhnhnm Land. Out our way there's nothing but three-horse families. To keep up with the Joneses, you gallop, friend, you gallop. Well, ontogeny recapitulates philogeny. In this case, backward: cultivators taking up the nomad life.

Sunday is volunteer fireman's day at the fair. Twenty-nine men's and 12 women's teams compete in the pump drill contests. Dress in boots and hat and coat (all snaps done up). Hook hose to pumper. Gush a five-gallon can over. Not easy: one woman loses her grip and gets walloped boots over hard-hat by her full hose, which has the sudden consistency of an anaconda. You'll be glad to know that the Campbell Hall Ladies Auxiliary posted a championship 45.25-second time. I do what I can for sports coverage in *NR*.

DON'T underestimate them. There are towns all over the nation run entirely by volunteer firemen plus auxiliaries. Entrance requirements are minimal: a home, a body. Volunteer companies are our most accessible fellowship. By comparison the Kiwanis is exclusive. In many areas they represent the only organized consensus. They do good works; no political candidate dares antagonize them. Yes, uniforms are on the paramilitary side. Yes, they sometimes have a tattooed, tooth-cracked, roadhouse look. Yes, fires on a Saturday night at, say, 1 A.M. are handled by Chinese firedrill procedures now and then. But I remember when Schunnemunk Ridge burned, the Mountain Lodge Company commuted for ten days from work to firebreak, climbing ten half-miles on foot with axes and rakes and two-gallon pump cans. My father's eyebrows grew back for Christmas.

Fair enough. Firemen, horsemen, farmer, barker: solid, pretentious, diligent, venal. After all, there is an America. And it's just two hours' drive from New York City. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Cracked Crackers

For Marxophiles the wait has been, roughly, the equivalent of the Gaullist anticipation of *le Général's* return to politics after a decade in huffy retirement. A "Free *Animal Crackers*" committee materialized at UCLA, and Groucho himself made vague promises to appear at the re-release premieres here and there. Finally, *Animal Crackers* returns to the screen after an 18-year blackout caused by the reluctance of the George S. Kaufman estate and Morrie Ryskind, who wrote the screenplay, to allow it back into circulation without a hefty financial arrangement either with TV or a motion picture distributor.

The details of the financial deal between Universal Pictures and Kaufman's daughter and Mr. Ryskind are not available. The picture is. A 42-year-old bit of fluff in "glorious black and white" on a small screen—virtue out of necessity—representing the second film venture of the four Marx Brothers, including Zeppo, who didn't last long with his siblings in the movies. Before seeing it I thought Gerald Mast's evaluation, in his indispensable *The Comic Mind: Comedy and the Movies*, too harsh: "leadenly stagy, clumsily paced, and cinematically incompetent . . . [its] artlessness was merely unintentional sloppiness rather than a vicious and intentional assault on the cinema's pretensions to art." Because, along with most Marx Brothers devotees, I had experienced only the best, the later films, like *Duck Soup*, *Horse Feathers*, *Monkey Business*, *A Night at the Opera*, *A Day at the Races*.

But Professor Mast is right; *Animal Crackers* is nearly a disaster, even though their best films were also written by Kaufman and Ryskind. "Sheer loons, creatures from some other world," as Mast describes them, the brothers needed space, not stagy sets (*Animal Crackers* was filmed in New York, not in Hollywood, and it's claustrophobic), and screen extras, not stage actors, for support.

THE LINES, many of them, are wonderful. "I shot an elephant in my pajamas," reports Captain Spaulding the big game hunter (Groucho); "what he was doing in my pajamas I'll never know." And again: "I was speaking in the past tense. We're way past tents. We're living in bungalows now. It's a mechanical age." Or this, from the rich industrialist to Spaulding: "I'm going to Uruguay," to which Groucho says—what else is possible?—"Well, you go Uruguay and I'll go mine." One of the dippy ladies who find Spaulding alluring praises him: "The captain is charming. I'm fascinated." Groucho's retort, of course: "I'm fascinated too—right on the arm." My favorite, which beats four decades of sociology by a mile: "This would be a better world for children if the parents had to eat the spinach."

But it doesn't amuse except in spots. The music is atrocious. Zeppo is a simp; Harpo, as always before and after, the wild-eyed lech; Chico, the improbable little Italian con man; Groucho, the jouster with a torrent of words—all so

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familiar by now, and awkward in *Crackers*. Except for some mild, repetitious romps up and down a staircase, one or two scenes in the dark as Chico and Harpo steal a painting, and a moment or two in the garden, the action's confined to a proscenium set in what may be the most dreadful art deco "house" on film. Margaret Dumont, against whom Groucho played frequently, manages her one expression: the matronly smirk accompanied by a demure roll of the eyes heavenward. And Lillian Roth is utterly wasted as the earnest young lady (Dumont's daughter) enamored of a cloyingly sweet aspiring artist.

Animal Crackers opened in a handful of major cities in July and is now distributed nationwide. It is a bitter disappointment, of interest mainly to film historians and others whose private masochism, like your servant's, is the faithful viewing of every film in town. For True Believers, naturally, it must delight, since were it *not* to delight, they couldn't bear it. For me, it was as if the Second Coming, well, came, and He turned out to be Ron Ziegler. □

MAGAZINES

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Voice of the Old New Left

Ramparts first made its mark in the mid-Sixties, with a widely publicized exposé of CIA infiltration of student groups. I still don't understand all the fuss, but fuss there was, and *Ramparts* was made. Since then its contempt for regimes that infiltrate student groups has been exceeded only by its affection for regimes that monopolize them. Nonetheless, it is a little more liberal than it used to be.

Month after month, *Ramparts* produces some of the liveliest covers and deadliest prose around. Most of its articles are muckraking, of the sort crammed with arcane statistics and anecdotes of allegedly typical alleged atrocities (Greece and Chile, you know). There are also lots of pieces by New Left oldtimers like I. F. Stone, Andrew Kopkind, Noam Chomsky, Tom Hayden, Kurt Vonnegut (if you can call him a New Leftist—well, there he is). Chomsky, for instance, recently called Richard Nixon one of the greatest criminals of the century, and it had nothing to do with Watergate: war crimes, and so forth. He said that Watergate, though the least of Nixon's sins, would be his downfall only because it had offended other powerful U.S. interests.

EVEN though it is broadly Marxist-Leninist, *Ramparts* presents a certain variety of perspectives, whose cumulative effect is sometimes jarring. One article will present an upbeat look at life in some Third World country; another will scorch the mobile home industry for conditions in America's trailer parks, calling however for reformist legislation rather than full-scale revolution. Then again, one finds casual references to the material achievements of the Soviet Union, in the course of an essay rebuking the Soviets, more in sorrow than in anger, for their treatment of dissidents. It doesn't add up. I was struck by an ad for Raoul Berger's new book, *Executive Privilege*. Are Marxist-Leninists all that concerned with constitutional niceties? Well, why not? Besides, there has been a clear diminution of the appetite for apocalypse, and liberal authors and their publishers are cashing in on the cynicism that has partially displaced the fanaticism. Note the coy political double entendre of Schlesinger's *The Imperial Presidency*: these kids probably hate Imperial Margarine.

I say kids, because *Ramparts* is, after all, for them. It's the *Osservatore Romano* of the New Left. In keeping with its status, it avoids "pig" rhetoric, aiming at a certain sobriety (though the effect is usually a sort of solemn lurch). And it has mellowed somewhat over the years. In 1968 it carried an article denouncing the McCarthy peace campaign as an ideological mirage, an occasion of sin for real radicals. But in 1972, another article urged that McGovern deserved radical support. Making allowances for the differences between McGovern and McCarthy, I think that change shows a new self-assurance, a feeling that radicalism need no longer dread association with the ideologically impure.

The same maturity (if that is the word) appears in a recent article—signed "The Editors"—denouncing the SLA. Written when Tania was still Patty, it condemned the SLA not only as tactically disastrous—counterproductive, as they say—to serious leftism, but also as downright immoral. (I wonder if they ever criticize the morality of tactics that *aren't* counterproductive.) It contrasted the methods of these thrill-seeking bandits with the juridical safeguards of responsible revolutionary regimes like those of North Vietnam and Cuba, where the rights of the innocent are vigilantly protected.

Now if you wonder why any magazine would bother assuring its reader-

ship that kidnapping and killing innocent people are wrong, you need to read the letters this long editorial provoked. The first compares the SLA's deeds to shooting the Czar: "It's just a mind-blower." The second accuses *Ramparts* of selling out to the Hearst empire (should we watch for a merger?). A third is more somber: "I would have hoped that *Ramparts* could have escaped the hysterical fear which seems to be gripping the ordained leadership of the Left, and confined itself to a more rational presentation," adding this kick to the groin: "Perhaps the fear and anxiety have produced this disjointed denigration which would be more familiar if it had appeared in *Newsweek* or the NATIONAL REVIEW."

But a fourth letter confesses that its author almost admired the SLA until he read the editors' denunciation. He adds that he likes the whole magazine, "and your letters column is generally reassuring."

THE same letters column also had a comment on a recent article about life in China. The writer had been struck by a passing detail: that one Chinese had taken Mao's advice to go down to

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the farm, and when he got there had been made to work 18 hours per day. "Wow, 18 hours daily! If this is socialism, then who wants to live under socialism? . . . If this is the example of what Mao has to offer, then give me Brezhnev's goulash Communism." Or maybe life in a capitalist trailer park? The young man seems not to be keeping many options open. You get the idea that *Ramparts* and the *Daily World* are engaged in a fierce struggle for the hearts and minds of such youths.

Editor David Horowitz (the revisionist historian whose debt to his predecessors seems to be less intellectual than phraseological) recently wrote the kind of article no other magazine would need: a *defense* of Solzhenitsyn. Radicals not only may but should support Soviet dissidents, he argued. To make possible "the birth of a true Soviet left." Though deploring Soviet "failures" (there must be a better word for slaughtering millions), he pronounced the question whether it has all been worth it "a dead issue." "The Soviet experiment ["experiment"! Again, not quite *le mot juste*] has survived." After all, "no one, not even Solzhenitsyn, proposes turning back the clock to 1917 . . ."

Such is the liberalism—or is it conservatism?—of the later *Ramparts*, which wants both Marxism-Leninism and due process; Brezhnev and Solzhenitsyn. American radicalism has gotten itself a little sullied over the last few years; its idealism isn't so crystalline as it used to be. The Left has gone from "I have seen the future and it works" to "Let's let bygones be bygones." □

THEATER

DAVID SPARKMAN

A Return to Tradition

Outside the theater, vendors sell food and drink that may be taken inside; while inside, many of the audience must sit in hardwood pews, some smack up against the upper reaches of the stage structure. Others find comfort where they can in the pit which surrounds the low, protruding stage. On that stage there is no shield of illusion to protect the actors, no proscenium arch dividing their world from that of the spectators. If the play or the performance is bad, the actor will be as exposed as a nut on a soapbox in a crowded city square.

Thus one might describe the Globe Theater in Shakespeare's time. As it happens, the description also fits the Broadway Theater during the current run of the refurbished musical comedy version of *Candide*. The similarity is neither superficial nor accidental. For many years the theater in America has been plagued with a variety of gimmicks in the name of "audience participation." For the most part, they have been unsuccessful attempts at bolstering otherwise weak productions with cheap trickery, whose effect has been not so much to entertain the audience as to embarrass it. This new production of *Candide* invites and challenges the audience in a way that recalls the true nature of theater.

THE Broadway Theater itself has been torn up and rearranged so that 900 brave souls may be jostled onto the wooden benches that serve as seats, more like fans in the bleachers than observers of a Cultural Event. Those who sit in the "pit" are provided only with backless stools. Actors and musicians appear in the midst of all this apparent confusion, using every bit of open space, sometimes even wading into the audience. It is wonderful that the arrangement works at all, twice as wonderful that it works so well.

Much of the credit must be given to Hugh Wheeler, who scrapped the original book by Lillian Hellman (never known for her comic touch) and freely adapted Voltaire's story. The temptation to moralize has been resisted, and Voltaire's acid humor is successfully complemented with one-liners and slapstick. The principal virtue of the original production, Leonard Bernstein's beautiful and melodic score, remains almost intact.

But none of these elements matters much, however finely conceived, unless the performance works. And it is here that this *Candide* triumphs. The production draws on all the theatrical arts: dance, acrobatics, song, mimicry, vaudeville humor, and of course acting. This too is less an innovation than a return to tradition: in every nation of the world (and the obvious example, again, is Shakespeare's England) theater has meant the integration of all these elements. It is only in recent times that British and American theater has increasingly confined drama to dialogue among proscenium-protected talking heads (or to the desperate gimmickry of the avant garde). *Candide*'s stars—Lewis Stadlen as Dr. Pangloss, Mark Baker as Candide, and Maureen Brennan as Cunegonde—have all the necessary skills: they are equal to operatic parodies and one-liners, acrobatic feats and quick changes of character, all of which they execute with the professional confidence and easy vitality of performers who know that they have worked too hard to let their audience

down. And the setting, placing them within literal reach of the audience, magnifies their excellence—just as it would magnify any lapse or failure.

The setting also serves to make the audience part of the show. They grumble and wince when ushered to their seats, since New Yorkers get enough sedentary discomfort on their buses and subways. Yet once the play begins, these tired and wary people are magically transformed. Because their presence is so intimately felt, they begin to take on some of the spirit created by the performers in their midst. At one performance, when Cunegonde offered her empty jewel box as evidence of a theft, one spectator reached inside and felt around, just to make sure; he got the biggest laugh of the scene.

Unfortunately, there will probably never be a national touring company of this *Candide* because of the difficulties presented by the complicated set design. Perhaps the most that can be hoped for is that those who see it will be reminded of the rich potencies of what was once the liveliest of the arts. □

Mr. Sparkman *graduated from the University of Maryland.*

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BOOKS

Defending Liberty against 'On Liberty'

On Liberty and Liberalism: The Case of John Stuart Mill
Gertrude Himmelfarb
Knopf, 345 pp., $8.95

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

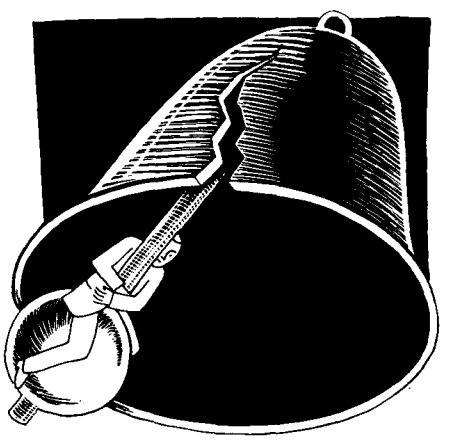
As a consequence of the revival of ideology and the renewal of interest in political theory, an intense and important debate on the nature and scope of the triad of revolutionary principles—liberty, equality, and fraternity—is taking place.

True, not much can be, or has been, done with "fraternity." Walt Whitman defended it in the best and most attractive fashion, though it is a truism that great poetry does not necessarily make good politics. When "fraternity" is given a light twist and shift, it becomes "community" and turns into a principle, not of revolution, but of conservation.

John Rawls and Christopher Jencks have undertaken the task of absolutizing equality. Within the context of democratic society this task is a formidable one, for the effort to increase equality usually involves the abrogation of someone's freedom. Little wonder that the debate about equality has recently been so intense.

ONE MIGHT suppose that two hundred years after the American Revolution and more than a century after the publication of John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* (1859) nothing more would remain to be said on the subject by either libertarians or liberals and that an absolutized principle of liberty would hold sway wherever men were able to shape their own political, social, and cultural institutions. However, liberty is as difficult to absolutize as equality, and the battle between libertarians and liberals and between conservatives and liberals and libertarians is fundamentally a debate about the nature and limits of liberty.

It is for this reason that Professor Himmelfarb's book is apt to touch off a debate concerning the limits of liberty as intense as that provoked by Rawls and Jencks in their discussions of the limits of equality. While Professor Himmelfarb deals specifically with the case of John Stuart Mill, she is really debating the nature of liberty in general. He thesis is that when liberty is absolutized and universalized, as Mill made it in his essay *On Liberty*, it becomes destructive of those particular liberties and other political and social goods which have always been the content of a prudent and wise politics. Professor Himmelfarb's book is a defense



of liberty; a defense which she hopes to achieve through the limitation of liberty. It is a brilliant and exciting book, the sort of history most historians would like to write but are afraid of writing. Her judgments are as broad and sweeping as her knowledge of the Victorians, her style crisp and vigorous, and her psychological penetration and insight dazzling. No motive is left unexamined, no theory untested, no silly assumption unrefuted. This is a book which will anger liberals and libertarians. It is also a book which will sometimes puzzle conservatives.

Professor Himmelfarb traces the difficulties of liberty and liberal society at the present time to Mill's essay *On Liberty* and his attempt in that essay to make liberty "one very simple principle . . . entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual. . . ." Men were to be free to say and to do anything unless their actions affected "prejudicially the interests of others." Liberty was thus to be granted to all men to pursue their interests and tastes, not out of prudential considerations (lest greater evils occur), but as the *summum bonum* of the social order. Indeed, Mill argued, truth, developed and harmonious personalities, and diversified societies could only result from such an absolutization of liberty.

This is a revolutionary thesis, as both liberals and libertarians realize, and the society which assents to it is headed for trouble, as Professor Himmelfarb and traditional conservatives assert. In such a society the reign of opinion becomes total, social forms are dissolved in anarchic confusion, and taste rather than truth and morality becomes the test of every action.

THE STORY is made more interesting and piquant because Mill knew better and, as Professor Himmelfarb documents exhaustively, wrote to the contrary both before and after his essay *On Liberty*. How, the author asks, are we to explain this strange schizophrenic disjunction in Mill's thought?

Mill, because of his childhood experience of a domineering father and a mother cheated of her individuality and

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capacity for affection by her inferior status as a woman, and because of his affection for and submission of his intellect to his "perfect companion" and wife, Harriet Taylor, embarked on a crusade to achieve the emancipation and total equality of women. It was necessary, however, to cast the arguments for the total freedom of women to develop their individual tastes and capacities in universal terms if these arguments were to appeal to mankind generally. Men would accept the equality and the freedom of women only if that freedom and equality were intrinsically advantageous, even indispensable, to men. Thus so long as Mill was under the influence of Harriet Taylor he argued a position which in his better and more reasoned moments he knew to be fallacious. Professor Himmelfarb argues her case brilliantly and, in spite of what others have said on this subject, I believe her to be correct.

But is Mill really the guilty party in our present social and cultural confusions and anarchy, as Professor Himmelfarb implies?

In a pluralistic and divided society in which no moral consensus exists, is not a distinction between public and private acts necessary, with legal sanctions against only those actions which impinge directly on the interests of others? Are we not—out of prudence, the greatest of political virtues—bound to permit actions which we find distasteful and morally reprehensible? Mill did not invent this disjunction between public and private, as Professor Himmelfarb seems to imply. The medieval canonists, acting out of prudence, clearly distinguished between those sins dealt with in the "interior forum" of the confessional and those crimes dealt with in the "exterior forum" of the courts. This distinction between public and private acts, actions that impinge on the commonweal and actions that affect only the individual, is fundamental and is one which no sane or good society can afford not to make.

It is odd that Professor Himmelfarb, who wrote a book on Lord Acton, did not quote this statement of Acton's on liberty: "Liberty is not the power of doing what we like, but the right of being able to do what we ought." That assumption of Acton's is almost the opposite of Mill's assertions in *On Liberty*. The trouble is that if we are to be free to do what we ought we shall find it necessary to let others do what they like, and so we shall find ourselves in agreement with Mill, not out of principle but as a matter of prudence. That men will do evil in the name of liberty, as Professor Himmelfarb plaintively suggests, is no argument at all, for men have done evil in the name of every holy and sacred principle to which the human mind has dedicated itself.

Are there then no boundaries to liberty? Is it the absolute that Mill proclaimed it to be? Every political principle considered in its ideal purity is destructive of the social order and the very goods those political principles seek to secure. Liberty, equality, and community are values which always exist in tension with one another. Their coexistence is predicated on the basis of their not being absolutized. The history of our democratic society is one in which we have sometimes chosen a little more liberty and a little less community or equality, only a few years later to shift our emphasis and our enthusiasm. There is nothing quite so destructive of the good as the total triumph of a single splendid ideal. □

Paine
By David Freeman Hawke
Harper, 500 pp., $15

Talleyrand
By Jean Orieux
Knopf, 712 pp., $12.95

A PAMPHLETEER AND A PRINCE

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

On May 28, 1792, an observant London correspondent noted that one Thomas Paine, of *Common Sense* fame, and Citizen Talleyrand, former cleric, son of an ancient noble house and currently representing the French revolutionary regime in England, had become "frequent associates." Seldom could an odder couple have strolled down Pall Mall discussing affairs of state. The haggard, red-nosed Paine was a man consumed by hatreds—hatred of his own shabby origins and unpleasant early years in England; hatred of the men who moderated the course of the American Revolution he flattered himself with having rescued; and hatred of Christianity in all its forms, to mention only a few of his phobias. Despite the idealistic trappings of his early writing, he had never ceased to be the embittered son of a second-rate British corset maker. Fortunately for him (and for us as well), the one moment when he rose to something approaching greatness, and when his feelings vented themselves in a positive way, occurred at a crucial juncture in the American War of Independence. His simplistic, rawly written tracts struck a responsive chord in the hearts of enough wavering colonists and Continentals whose enlistments were about to expire, to help save a very important venture.

In later years, especially when in his cups, he magnified this role to almost insane proportions, declaring that even George Washington "did not perform his part in the Revolution better, nor with more honor, than I did mine, and the one part was as necessary as the other." But the actual achievement was quite important enough—rather like that of various left wing Hollywood filmmakers in the 1940s who, temporarily discovering patriotism, turned out waves of incendiary propaganda films exhorting the masses to throw themselves into the war effort, and then lapsed back into their natural anti-Americanism once the Axis powers had been laid to rest. Similarly, the American struggle, for Paine, was merely one theater in a greater war.

Patriotism was a weapon he wielded, but never a sentiment he deeply felt. After the Revolution, when the Federalists came into control of the new nation, Paine, writing from France, where he enjoyed a brief popularity, became so rabid as to urge the French to invade the United States. As David Freeman Hawke, in his thorough and soundly researched biography, points out, Paine's "anti-American feeling had become an unmanageable obsession." Later, when the French tossed him into

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *Publishers Weekly* calls Gen. Thomas Lane's *The Breakdown of the Old Politics* "an almost classic statement of the conservative position in America at this time" (Arlington, $8.95). . . . Robert Sobel depicts nine business giants, shows what goes into the making of *The Entrepreneurs* (Weybright & Talley, $10). . . . Edward C. Banfield's *The Unheavenly City Revisited* is a revision of the 1970 book (Little, Brown, $8.95).

■ PAPERBACKS. An optimist, Robert Vacca thinks *The Coming Dark Age* is a decade or two away (Anchor, Dec., $2.95). . . . *Upstate* is Edmund Wilson's memoir of life in northern New York (Noonday, Sept., $2.45). . . . *NR* contributor Jared Lobdell edits *A Tolkien Compass* for Open Court ($2.95). . . . A major sociological study, unrelievedly grim: Daniel Yankelovich's *The New Morality: A Profile of American Youth in the Seventies* (McGraw-Hill, $2.95).

■ SPORTS BOOKS. Fantasize about birdies with the illustrated *Great Golf Courses of the World* by William H. David (Quadrangle, out, $19.95). For the same publisher, Edmar Mednis claims to show you *How to Beat Bobby Fischer* (Oct., $7.95). . . . Gerald Eskenazi celebrates *The Fastest Sport*, hockey, for Follett (out, $14.95). . . . *Guts, God and the Superbowl* is a portrait of Dolphin lineman Tom Goode by Zola Levitt (Zondervan, out, $1.25).

■ TELECOSMIC POWER. Publishing giant Prentice-Hall acts a bit coy about claiming parenthood of one offspring, Parker Publishing. Small wonder. Highlights of the Parker fall list include *Universal Secrets of Telecosmic Power* by Norvell ("reveals the five Telecosmic Commands for shaping destiny and fate . . . how to tap the Cosmic Teleband of universal riches . . . the ten laws of Telecosmic Alchemy to bring every desire"); *Doctor Van Fleet's Amazing New "Non-Glue-Food" Diet*; *Master Guide to Preparing your Natal Horoscope* by King Keyes; *Somo-Psychic Power* by mind scientist Frank Rudolph Young (could it be a match for Telecosmic Power? There are two schools of thought); *Rituals and Magic for Perfect Living* by Dr. Rita Norling ("a recognized Mistress of the Ancient Arcane Arts"); and *Satan, Sorcery and Sex* by Theodor Laurence ("his quests for secret knowledge have led him to an attempted raising of his own dead son from the grave"). It must be a fun shop for the copywriters.

■ STATISTICS. Book sales were up 6 per cent in 1973, according to Association of American Publishers figures: actually, down about 6 per cent after allowing for inflation. Biggest gainers: mass market paperbacks (13 per cent), mail order (11 per cent), book clubs (9 per cent).

jail, he found new enemies to take up his time, and new heroes, always temporary. Among the many others he slavered over and then reviled was a not very democratic young Corsican artillery officer named Bonaparte who once said a few flattering things about *Common Sense*. While still singing Napoleon's praises to the skies Paine ranted about the "reign of terror that raged in America during the latter end of the Washington Administration, and the whole of that of Adams."

Poor Tom's problem, as his unflappable conversation partner of 1792 once observed of someone else, was that "nearly every political question resolves itself into a personal question in his eyes, and in appearing to defend the interests of his country it is really the interests of his hate and vengeance that he satisfies."

America was more tolerant of Paine than Paine was of America. He spent most of his last years there, swilling cadged drinks—mainly bad brandy—from adoring Jeffersonians of the lower sort. He left behind a few timely and influential propaganda essays, the design (plagiarized, according to some) for a good iron bridge, and much ill will.

NOT so the sometime Bishop of Perigord. On the surface, Talleyrand was all rottenness—a pale, slippery voluptuary who bent with the times and who,

despite his lameness, displayed a suppleness rivaled only by Fouché, in what his latest biographer, the facile, vastly entertaining Jean Orieux, describes as "the art of survival." Yet for all that, the man was not an undiluted cynic. Certain things he held sacred and, on the whole, he served them well. Personally corrupt though he was, Talleyrand was also a French patriot who considered his native land the fount of a number of civilized European values predating the Revolution, not the least of which were graciousness, civility, and beauty in everyday life. Beyond that, he was a steady, determined adherent of a peaceful, balanced Europe—a goal which, unfortunately for France and the world, some of his superiors did not share. At the close of his career, in a letter written to General Sebastiani, but intended for the eyes of Louis-Philippe, he explained with admirable clarity his lifelong purpose and *modus operandi*. "The King knows," he wrote, "that I am not a dynast. I have served, since Louis XVI, all [French] governments . . . I abandoned them when they sacrificed the interests of France to their individual interests."

While Talleyrand feathered his nest along the way, and acquiesced in many of the highly immoral actions of the regimes he served, he was, on the whole, a moderating force, and one of the fathers of an extended era of stability that grew out of the Congress of Vienna, where he was one of the few gifted realists with a high goal among countless intelligent scoundrels with purely selfish aims and a handful of impractical idealists. Talleyrand had enough in common with both groups to help them work together.

Napoleon, who later regretted that he had not more often followed his advice, is said to have described Talleyrand as a "silk stocking filled with *merde*." This merely proves that, when it came to human nature, Napoleon was better at judging exteriors than interiors. Talleyrand was a brilliant diplomatist, a major statesman, a bon vivant, and a connoisseur of beautiful women and good sporting dogs. Most miraculous of all, he actually *was* a hero to his own valet, the worthy Courtiade.

Neither Paine nor Talleyrand was a hero in the classic mold, if indeed such creatures have ever walked the earth. But both men played important roles in Western history. Paine, for all his sincerity and energy, was a one-shot phenomenon, while Talleyrand moved with deceptive ease through a long, perilous lifetime, helping to build order out of anarchy and reason out of madness. Whether you prefer the prince or the pamphleteer, you will find them both admirably depicted in these two enjoyable new biographies. However, M. Orieux' book, like his subject, takes the lead in charm, humor, and tone. □

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The Literary Correspondence of Donald Davidson and Allen Tate
Edited by John Tyree Fain and Thomas Daniel Young
University of Georgia Press, 442 pp., $18

A LONG CONVERSATION

M. E. BRADFORD

To a remarkable extent the serious American literature of this century has been Southern in both origin and subject. Likewise that discourse concerning the nature of the art that we call criticism. The situation has changed of late, with the appearance of a greater variety of voices speaking heretofore unknown (or unintelligible) tongues. Yet this fresh multiplicity has served only to make the anomaly of the Southern Renaissance all the more apparent. The explanation of such flourishing in the face of every impediment imaginable to the behaviorist can be partly traced to a revision of our cultural history. But the primary attribution, whatever are finally discovered to be the poetic advantages of a Southern nativity, must be to persons—gifted men and women who responded in language to the mysterious stimulus of their place and era. Thanks to the evidence in hand, we are in a position to know two of them as never before.

What this book does is to put beyond question what the friends of Davidson and Tate have suspected for some time: that their literary correspondence is perhaps the most distinguished of our time. When reading this almost fifty years of unbroken exchange, we should recognize that the late Donald Davidson and Allen Tate were friends before they acquired identities as masters of their craft, though of course their mutual devotion to the profession of letters informed and sustained their long conversation. Their letters contain long discussions of various works in progress, reciprocations of advice, counsel, and honest criticism; but the roots of their communion are elsewhere and explain their capacity to collaborate in more than literary concerns.

For what catches the eye in the flow of these communications is the very quality that most impresses the uninitiated when coming into a conversation with members of the fellowship to which Davidson and Tate belonged: an ease resting on unstated but common bonds, an identity with individuality that is difficult to imagine in a gathering of Northern or modern European intellectuals. Which bears precisely on my point. The Fugitives and Agrarians, their heirs and their sort, were not intellectuals in the sense in which we have come to identify the breed since the *philosophes* fostered revolution in the salons of Paris. Indeed they were collectively among the most formidable contemporary antagonists of that troublesome species, aware of their gifts and their arguments, armed with a humane learning able to contend with both, yet not in the process vocationally defined as men set apart from their

fathers, as deracinated inhabitants of some flying island hovering in scorn above the flow of history. Yet this social sense of the business of literature paradoxically gave them power to define it as a mode of knowledge other than psychological, political, or religious—power to defend the integrity of the word. Thus Davidson and Tate can turn from their opinions on the aptness of Yeats's imagery, to discourse concerning the New Deal, to animadversions on the general worthlessness of the clergy—and never really change the subject. And thus they came together to foster the publication of that most indubitably Southern book, *I'll Take My Stand*—wherein all of these concerns are gathered with the same sense of connection and discretion that operates in their private correspondence.

THERE WERE of course differences of emphasis and even of understanding among the Fugitives and/or Agrarians, characteristics which Lewis Simpson has done well to stress in his fine Foreword to this collection. But the *a priori* assumptions which made it possible for Davidson and Tate to speak plainly are what give to their speaking both private authority and an intelligible order. Tate remarks to Davidson that the Burkean rootedness of his career amounts almost to a "mystical secularism." Davidson warns Tate against leaving the density of life and the voice of prescriptive memory out of his verse. But there is no Southern book more thoroughly anchored in the felt experience of the region's past than Tate's *Stonewall Jackson.* And some of Davidson's later poetry is rigidly classical in tone and implication. Tate has come to honor his specific inheritance by entrenching himself within the inclusive battlements of the Christian West. Davidson (the strong religious note in certain of his writings notwithstanding) worked the other way around, keeping his feet planted firmly in Tennessee. For five decades they rejoiced, each at the other's performance, knowing always (in the words of Davidson's "Lines Written for Allen Tate on His Sixtieth Anniversary");

> . . . by Mississippi, Thames, or Seine,
> What city we build, what land we dream to save,
> What art and wisdom are the part of men. . . .

And both Davidson and Tate gave bountiful assistance, not only to one another or to members of their brotherhood but to a vast company who share in their objectives. How much richer we are for their devotion to these ends we only now begin to understand. □

Serpent in Eden: H. L. Mencken and the South
By Fred C. Hobson Jr.
University of North Carolina Press, 242 pp., $8.95

THE SOUTH'S ALARM CLOCK

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

With or without the taunts and bully-ragging of H. L. Mencken, the South after World War I would probably have undergone its seizure of self-analysis and self-flagellation sometimes called a "renaissance." A great many of its many farm boys had now seen Paree; it was a time of ferment. But under Mencken's rhetorical lash—especially the famous 1920 essay, "Sahara of the Bozart"—the metabolism of awakening greatly accelerated.

It is amazing, when one thinks about it, that no one had thought before of doing what Fred Hobson does in this

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able and entertaining essay: tracing that is, the intriguing public and private relationship between Baltimore's "intellectual bombardier," as Gerald Johnson calls him, and Southern literati of the Twenties. One way or another the leaders of this Southern "renaissance" responded to Mencken. He was, Hobson says, "the truth-telling serpent in a self-deluded Eden," offering "a knowledge of the South's inadequacies."

It is a fetching metaphor, making for a fine title, but not quite on the mark. Mencken's "truth" about the South was a germ vastly magnified by bombast, and limited by his own roughhewn aesthetics. Mencken did not tell the whole truth about the South, as Hobson demonstrates, because he didn't know it. He entertained the fixed but naive idea that the "sterility" and "bigotry" of the South sprang from a social revolution. This revolution, as he conceived it, had established an enriched "white trash" in power. Such a conception helps explain Mencken's curious infatuation with the Richmond fabulist James Branch Cabell. Hobson shows that Mencken admired Cabell on suitable literary grounds. But Cabell, more to the point, was a gentleman—and a Virginia gentleman at that—with the gentleman's distaste for "uplift." Later, the eminent sociologist Howard Odum of Chapel Hill would strive with only spotty success to explain the intricacies of Southern social structure to Mencken—to persuade him of what native Southerners already knew: cultural philistinism and politico-religious intolerance were no respecters of caste.

DESPITE its limitations, Mencken's sledgehammer attack on the South of the Twenties was salutary, even in the enemies it made. The "Sahara" essay, once its contents penetrated the magnolia curtain, threw Southern newspaper editorialists—with the distinguished exception of Gerald Johnson and a few others—into a frenzy of outrage. They overlooked—as to some degree young Hobson himself does—the element of sheer funning and baloney in Mencken's attack and solemnly replied to his indictment point by point. And that at least required some reflection. Many resorted to ad hominem counterattack, recalling Mencken's recent wartime sympathies with Imperial Germany and his "Teutonic" ancestry. But the wiser ones discounted the bombast and seized goodhumoredly upon the large kernel

of truth. Others—notably Emily Clark of Virginia, Julia Peterkin of South Carolina, Howard Odum, Paul Green, and later Wilbur J. Cash of North Carolina—responded eagerly. They moved to rebut Mencken (with his help and collusion) by founding little magazines like the *Richmond Reviewer* and the *New Orleans Double Dealer* and publishing in them some notable fiction, poetry, and social criticism. Mencken generously solicited and published their writing in the *American Mercury*, which in its first year and a half carried 55 contributions from the alleged "Sahara" below the Potomac.

In truth, Mencken had a kind of lover's quarrel with the South, and his abrasive attitude was streaked with a romanticism familiar in outsiders who become entranced with the South. When it suited him, in fact, he struck the posture of a closet Confederate; and as he learned more during the Twenties through visits and correspondence he wrote more mildly about the South, extolling its better lights.

There was one lasting quarrel—with the Fugitives and Agrarians of Nashville. He had not understood their poetry; as Hobson observes, "he was not an astute critic of good poetry." Moreover, his insulting dispatches from Dayton, Tennessee during the 1925 Scopes "monkey trial" heightened their indignant resolve to articulate a serviceable native tradition. Perhaps this quarrel was inevitable. For despite Mencken's drumbeating for high culture, his aesthetics made no allowance for a fiction or poetry organically rooted in the land or in regional folkways. This, as the Agrarians expected, would shortly prove the South's most fertile artistic resource. Mencken thought of the literary artist rather as a bludgeon and attacker of tradition.

Within a decade of the "Sahara" essay, Mencken had subsided. He had become almost comradely in his relation to the South. His rhetoric could be as fierce as ever; but in "The Tragedy of Appomattox," in 1930, he turned to a vein of impish lament that the South had not won its independence in the Civil War. This was its great failure.

THE CONCLUSION to which one is finally pressed by Hobson's expert and readable survey—though the author himself resists it—is that Mencken was an alarm clock, speeding an awakening already inevitable. I cannot agree, moreover, that Mencken's look at the South, brilliant as it was, was "keen and penetrating." It had keenness but not penetration. Gerald Johnson comes closer to the mark in his Foreword: "The effect of Mencken's famous essay could be attributed to Mencken's mastery of the cardinal principle of dramaturgy, namely, that nothing else produces as smashing an effect as truth magnified ten diameters." Mencken was a stentorian prophet, yelling at the top of his lungs; a more salutary Mencken was the milder friend and patron who emerges from the prophetic robes in his private letters. But this cavil removes not an iota of the excellence of Fred Hobson's accomplishment. He has written a pleasing and literate guidebook to this chapter in Southern self-recognition. □

FICTION

The Typhoon Shipments
By Kevin Klose and Philip A. McCombs
Norton, 277 pp., $6.95

THE NARCS AND THE GHOULS

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

News item: "In December of 1972 in an obscure magistrate's hearing room in federal court in Baltimore, a young assistant U.S. attorney recounted a fantastic tale. An international conspiracy of heroin smugglers, he said, had for eight years been bringing multikilogram quantities of high grade heroin into the United States from Southeast Asia inside the dead bodies

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of American soldiers being shipped home for burial."

Two young *Washington Post* reporters found the item fascinating. Was it possible, let alone probable? How many people would have to be involved, and who would they be? What about the mechanics of it? That kind of thing. They kept coming back to it, trying to puzzle out the whos, whys, whens, and hows, and out of those conversations a timely, fast-paced whodunit was born, one of the most entertaining of the read 'em and leave 'em novels to have come along this year. Kevin Klose, as District editor for the *Post*, has covered some of the seamier joints and characters of the local scene; there's an authenticity to the Washington sequences of the story. And Philip McCombs, who served some time on the *Stars and Stripes* bureau in Saigon during his Vietnam service, and who is now back in Indochina as the *Post*'s special correspondent there, writes with firsthand knowledge of Vietnam during the closing phases of the war. The story moves back and forth between the rice fields, morgues, and brothels of Vietnam to military depots in the States and the netherworld of drugs in Washington.

It reaches its peak with a hero lying in state under the Capitol Rotunda, thousands of ounces of pure heroin stitched into his body, the last and the biggest of the Typhoon shipments. Will the bad guys be able to get to that body, surrounded as it is with an honor guard, before it and its illegal swag are lowered into a grave in Arlington National Cemetery tomorrow morning? Will the good guy, Danny Gilmore, head of Task Force Washington, a special interdepartmental narcotics unit set up to discover how the Typhoon heroin is being smuggled into the country, be able to foil the heist, working as he is under impossible restraints?

The dead hero is no ordinary soldier; he is Lt. Richard Paulson, son of an influential senator with presidential ambitions. Gilmore's unit must crack the case, but there's to be no scandal, understand. Paulson must never find out that his son's body is a pawn in a shabby war that has nothing to do with Vietnam. Those are orders, direct from the Oval Office. Will narcotics agent Siddler, sleazy, fat, sweaty, an alcoholic who was put on the case in Saigon, *faute de mieux*, after a younger, more promising agent was murdered, kill Colonel Haverman, the mastermind of the ring, as he has vowed? Haverman had gunned down a half-dozen U.S. airmen in a helicopter gunfight back in Nam and Siddler, who had heard them scream and watched them burn, says Haverman won't live to go to trial.

The story weaves back and forth between Washington and Saigon, with tension building all the way. It's etched in swiftly, accurately, with Siddler, who is where the action is chiefly at, emerging as a Graham Greenesque hero, flawed in character but, for all his faults, a patriot. The language is authentic, rough, not stylish. The characterization may leave something to be desired; a touch of humor would have helped; but *The Typhoon Shipments* was not conceived as an entry in the Great American Novel derby. It succeeds at what it sets out to be, an action novel whose momentum carries the reader at a brisk trot past the occasional stylistic and imaginative imperfections to the final climactic shootout around a stolen hearse, as the paths of the narcs and the ghouls finally cross in the bleak postdawn light among the serried graves at Arlington. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Must History Repeat Itself? *by Antony Fisher (Churchill Press, 155 pp., $6).* Prosperity comes from maximizing individual choice by using that irreplaceable communications device known as the price system. The lesson is well supported with many fascinating and unfamiliar historical anecdotes. Chapters on the British experience are particularly important, since the United States appears to be following a similar road to stagnation. Keynesian policies and inflexible craft unions, for example, are much more dominant in Britain and the U.S. than in, say, West Germany. Fisher provides some solid evidence that the British welfare state takes more from the poor than it gives back. There is also a detailed and entirely reasonable ten-year plan for cutting public expenditures in half by simply returning many functions to the realm of private choice. Few books convey the message this well without becoming too technical. ALAN REYNOLDS

The Changing Face of Hong Kong, *New Departures in Public Policy, by Alvin Rabushka (American Enterprise Institute and Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace, 79 pp., $3).* How did a barren rock become a dynamic economy? "Laissez-faire," says Rabushka, who is an associate professor of political science at the University of Rochester. Hong Kong's prosperity is apparent in the high wages it pays its workers. (Throughout Asia, only Japan pays more.) And not only is Hong Kong prosperous, it is also relatively peaceful, free from affronts to law and order. Hong Kong has succeeded despite an almost total lack of natural resources and despite the fact that only one-seventh of the land is arable. The main key to its success has been free trade. Other keys have been: weak trade unions, lack of minimum-wage laws, low taxation, very small public debt, balanced government budgets, and lack of foreign-currency exchange controls. There is not even a central bank. However, all good things must come to an end: Rabushka detects a shift away from laissez-faire since 1970. For example, child-labor laws have been passed and welfare programs have been started. Rabushka warns: if laissez-faire goes, with it may well go prosperity.

MARK PETERSON

As If by Magic, *by Angus Wilson (Viking, 415 pp., $8.95).* Unlike most of the fiction published nowadays, *As If by Magic* is a genuine novel, and a good one. It is, despite the dust jacket's calling it Mr. Wilson's "most Dickensian novel to date," decidedly twentieth century, both in technique and in its unremittingly bleak view of human nature. Almost without exception, the characters are hateful or pathetic or both. The plot concerns the round-the-world voyages of Hamo Langmuir, an aging homosexual scientist, and of his neurotic goddaughter, Alexandra Grant. Hamo's story gradually shifts from black comedy to tragedy, in the superbly written center section of the book. Alexandra is less satisfactory. The narrator says with no detectable irony that she has finally understood that there is no Magic—either religious or literary or scientific or political—to solve all our problems for us. But I don't believe it. Whatever the narrator says, Alexandra's own words and actions in the last scene tell me that she is not much changed from the muddleheaded, paranoid young woman we met 400 pages ago. Her perception is perfectly valid (although her specific social prescriptions are simplistic), but she has seemed to reach it so often, falling back from it each time, that I see no reason why this time should be different. By having Alexandra disparage E. M. Forster and Jane Austen, Mr. Wilson sets up a standard of comparison that emphasizes his own unsureness of tone and reminds the reader of the difference between a good novel and a great one. LINDA BRIDGES

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OSSA

(Continued from page 1043)

I hate them . . ." She would rather, she said, have a Marxist government than see a general (Perón excepted) in the presidency. Still, it would be naive to forget that most Latin American countries today are ruled by the military. Gone are the days of banana republic coups. Today the military enters the political arena to govern or to act as arbiter of irreconcilable civilian divisions. That is as true in Argentina as anywhere else. The military allowed Perón's triumphant return only because he brought with him a political platform and popularity they lacked. With Perón gone, foreign observers agree that sooner or later the Armed Forces will have to return to power. But when? When the majority begs them to do so, as was the case in Chile.

In the meantime, petite, quiet, well dressed, well mannered 43-year-old Isabelita Perón is Isabelita no longer. More of a symbol than a politician, she is now Señora María Estela Martinez de Perón, with a two-colored sash across her breast and a presidential baton in her hand.* Will she dare risk a student rebellion and order the military to crush the extremists? Will the Army agree to do the dirty work for her, thus increasing its own unpopularity? Reportedly most decisions are taken by Señor Lopez Regas, Perón's private secretary and minister of welfare, a first-rate astrologer, a sort of Rasputin at Isabelita's side, a man hated by all. With no convincing figure of the past and no would-be leader of any stature in sight either on the civilian scene or in the Armed Forces, who knows, Lopez Regas may continue as the power behind Isabelita until May 25, 1977, the date set for the constitutional end of the Perón administration.

During the last forty years or so Argentina has withstood a series of inefficient and corrupt civilian governments, plus a series of inefficient military administrations. There is no reason to think with its fairly powerful infrastructure it will not survive increased government intervention in the economy, or a fierce struggle for power. Unless, of course, somebody manages to take away from the typical Argentinian bourgeois that which is his raison d'etre: a comfortable home, a flashy car, good food, a lover, vacations in Mar del Plata; the good life which, through ups and downs, Argentinians have managed to retain thanks to the nation's rich physical resources. Yet, should that fail them one wonders what course their disenchantment will take. There are too many forces at work here and it is too soon after Perón's death to be able to say with any authority where Argentina is heading. □

*A longtime foreign friend of the Perón family says: "If Isabelita holds tightly to the two coffins [Perón's and Evita's] no plot or plotter will be able to trick her out of her sash and baton."

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KLEIN

(Continued from page 1042)

competition is more important than allowing the small saver to earn the market return on his investment or reducing the interest cost of the federal debt.

The result is predictable. To protect himself, the small saver will become increasingly sophisticated in the intricacies of the corporate bond market. This will become the vehicle for circumventing the consequences of the rate regulation. Perhaps the SEC will then be driven to impose a $10,000 minimum on corporate bond transactions.

If a proliferation of government agencies and their encroachment on a private market could improve the functioning of that market, the housing market in the U.S. would be in a state of chronic nirvana. Indeed, if the supply of mortgage money increased as rapidly as government housing programs, housing starts would be at an all-time high. The Federal Home Loan Bank System, Federal National Mortgage Association, Farmers Home Administration, Government National Mortgage Association, and Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation are all governmentally sponsored mortgage market support institutions. In addition, the Federal Housing Administration and Veterans Administration act as insurers. And, of course, there are all those price controls discussed earlier which are designed to protect the S&L industry, and presumably what is good for the S&Ls should be good for the housing industry.

Nonetheless, a great many people view the housing market as a disaster area. In January 1974, new housing starts were 1.4 million at a seasonally adjusted annual rate. Just 12 months earlier the rate was 2.5 million. A commonly held view of the housing market's dilemma goes roughly as follows: in an effort to fight inflation with a tight money policy, interest rates have risen; the rise in interest rates reduces the demand for long term physical assets, namely housing. In other words,

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THOS. [L.] MARTIN [JR.]:

Malice in Blunderland.

It should be clear to even the most casual observer that the United States is not suffering from too many problems. No, we are suffering from an overwhelming excess of solutions. If the politicians would just stop inventing solutions our problems would largely go away.

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1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.

1. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
2. A sore that does not heal.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Thickening or lump in breast or elsewhere.
5. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Obvious change in wart or mole.
7. Nagging cough or hoarseness.

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the housing market has been the victim of the fight against inflation.

Each of the above assertions is incorrect. Interest rates are not high because the government is battling inflation. Interest rates are high because of the inflation itself. If a borrower and lender agree to a 5 per cent one-year loan when they expect no inflation, they would just as readily agree to a 10 per cent loan if they expected a 5 per cent rise in the price level over the year. The "real" interest rate is unchanged. Inflationary expectations, fueled by past actual inflation, lead to a rise in money interest rates.

This example also illustrates the fallacy of the second link. I would be no less willing to borrow money at 10 per cent if I thought the rate of inflation was to be 5 per cent than I would be to borrow at 5 per cent if I expected no inflation. The housing market is suffering much more from a lack of mortgage money than from a reduction in demand. Deposit ceilings have reduced the flow of funds through S&Ls. These funds have been channeled into the open market where Uncle Sam and large corporations with access to public markets find an increased demand for their securities. Home buyers can't borrow at all and General Motors can borrow more cheaply than otherwise. It is a predictable consequence of government price fixing. There is no essential difference between the current unavailability of mortgage funds and the beef shortage of the summer of 1973.

The 1971 report of the President's Commission on Financial Structure advocated increasing flexibility in S&L borrowing and lending patterns and a gradual phaseout of interest rate regulation. Similar recommendations were advanced by the 1961 Report of the Commission on Money and Credit. The Nixon Administration is to be congratulated for forwarding some of these proposals to the Congress. At the current rate of inflation, it is illegal for banks and S&Ls to pay most of their depositors a positive real return on their holdings. Indeed, these holdings are taxed, the rate of tax being equal to the difference between the rate of inflation and the nominal interest rate payable on deposits. Considering the distributional impact of these restrictions, they are little short of scandalous. I know of no worthy social objective the attainment of which is dependent on their continued existence. ☐

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Prisoner of San Clemente

On The Right

New York, August 22—The American Bar Association has voted unanimously that no bill of immunity should be passed for the exclusive protection of Richard Nixon. One could hardly have expected anything else, save possibly, under the professionally pressing circumstances of the past few years, a motion to recommend a law limiting the number of lawyers that can be sent to jail in any single year.

Obviously the Nixon problem is not, at this stage, a lawyer's problem. And anything that approaches an attempt to codify a solution to the Nixon problem has the effect of retarding a solution to the Nixon problem. The whole idea of executive clemency is that the law should be transcended. You cannot, by logical definition, pass a law to transcend a law. What is required is that an individual should go out on a limb and say: to suggest that "Nixon has suffered enough" is hugely to underrate what has happened to him. His mortification is a continuing punishment. The probabilities are that he will go to his deathbed an unhappy man. To put him behind bars, under the circumstances, is not to "punish" him more, it is to achieve formalistic juridical satisfaction at the expense of acquiring for the country the reputation for a finicky vindictiveness that does *us* discredit.

CONCERNING the usual objections, a few observations:

1. It is true that Nixon's subordinates have already suffered jail, some of them; and that others are about to go to jail. These should be separated into two categories. One category is the absolutely straightforward offense of accepting bribes, cheating on taxes, that kind of thing. Those offenders should proceed unobtrusively to meet their fate. Those others whose crime has been complicity in the coverup and involvement in the Watergate break-in should be tried, convicted (if the evidence so indicates), and given suspended thirty-day sentences.

Here the lawyers might have paused to consider the awful meaning of disbarment. Surely it is proper for the legal community to punish its members under certain circumstances, and it is true that that community's failure to punish its members when they are acting as obstructionists of the law (one thinks of the behavior of William Kunstler during the wild years) is more typical of Bar Associations than disbarment proceedings. But to say to such as John Ehrlichman that they are disbarred and cannot practice their profession for the rest of their lives is: well, cruel and inhuman. It is like saying to a writer who writes one libelous article that he may never again put pen to paper.

2. Why is it right to decline to prosecute Nixon, having proceeded to prosecute his subordinates? To answer that question clinically, you just have to tear yourself away from the absolutization of republican principles. It is okay to go about saying: no one is above the law. But that is only mostly true. Our Presidents are expected to take certain risks, and generations of them have done so. *Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.* The risks Richard Nixon took were for tawdry motives, and he has been punished as surely as Napoleon was punished when his empire was taken away from him. But they didn't take Napoleon out and shoot him, even though he had led, in his disastrous campaigns, hundreds of thousands of men to their deaths. We were shocked, not satisfied, at the execution of Nicholas II.

3. We are in search of the mechanics of granting effective immunity. Here Mr. Nixon could help us. First by undertaking to write a full and frank account of his role in the coverup, and giving it to Congress. Among other things, this would deprive him of huge commercial returns he might have from a commercial publisher.

And—a gesture by Mr. Nixon—he might announce that it is his intention not to stray physically from the premises of San Clemente for one year. Those Secret Service men would then, in effect, be there not only to prevent outsiders from going in, but insiders from going out. I cannot believe that if at this point Mr. Jaworski announced that he did not intend to prosecute Mr. Nixon there would be a murmur of protest, except from the fever swamps of vindictiveness.

But as I say, at this point, we need a gesture from Mr. Nixon. □

HALF NELSON *New York*, August 24—Concerning the nomination of Nelson Rockefeller, a few observations.

1. President Ford was clearly in search of stability. The great dislocations of recent months looked for a while as if they would certainly bring a veto-proof Democratic Congress; and, indeed, there was even talk among experts about the possible extinction of the Republican Party. A political party that came that close to dissolution needs to gather up its icons, and principal among these is, to be sure, Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller.

This is so for public and private reasons. For one thing Rockefeller has been around, and conspicuously around, longer than any other big league Republican with the exception of Richard Nixon. For another, he was undefeated as a Republican—undefeated on those occasions when he presented himself to all the voters. When he presented himself only to Republican voters, namely at the presidential primaries, he was, with insignificant exceptions, rebuffed. Barry Goldwater, senior to Nelson Rockefeller in respect of status attained as presidential candidate, never made as much headway with the independents and the Democrats as Rockefeller did. For this reason, no doubt, Rockefeller was preferred by Ford, who seeks now to broaden the base of his support.

And there are the personal reasons for Rockefeller's eminence. On the whole, great wealth and its role in American politics is exaggerated. But there are a few men who know how adroitly to use great wealth. Joseph Kennedy was one and Nelson Rockefeller another. When someone ceases to be governor of New York he becomes something very much like the Broadway show that has closed down. But Rockefeller, using his extraordinary resources, could set up a series of flashy com-

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mittees to gaze into crystal balls with the aid of computers, and keep himself prominent. And when such a man chooses to give a social party—say in honor of the Secretary of State, his former employee—he can command the presence of the nation's princes. Add to this that some men of ambition can no more shed that ambition than they can a birthmark, so that always there has been, with Rockefeller, something of what clung to Charles de Gaulle when he went out to Colombey-les-deux-Eglises: Rockefeller has been a sort of standby government.

2. There is some disappointment and some bitterness among some conservatives. I say among some conservatives, because there are those who remember less Rockefeller's cry-baby behavior in 1964, when he declined to support Barry Goldwater, than they do Rockefeller's Australian crawl toward economic sanity. While he was governor of New York, he managed to increase the state budget by 300 per cent, and the bonded indebtedness of the state by 600 per cent. But somewhere along the line, Nelson Rockefeller discovered that the resources of New York State are not as ample as those of the Rockefeller family, and on one occasion he was actually seen, at a small dinner party, toasting Governor Ronald Reagan of California and paying him effusive tribute for his inventive approach in paring the welfare rolls. Along about the same time, Governor Rockefeller reversed himself on the question of a residency requirement for welfare. In sum, conservative emotional opposition to Rockefeller was pretty much checked by Senator Goldwater's statement of a fortnight ago: that although Rockefeller would not be Goldwater's first choice, he had no objection to his being named.

3. President Ford is going to need a lot of help in persuading Congress that the United States of America a) requires a strong military defense; and b) is worth defending. Mr. Rockefeller has a winsome line, which he uses in the company of conservatives before whom he is stressing his credentials. "After all, I've got a good deal of my own to conserve." That happens to be true. Rockefeller likes to be first in all things, and he is not likely to acquiesce silently in the progressive military debilitation of the United States.

4. Speaking of which, one wonders just what mode he will pick in order to maintain his voice discrete from President Ford's. It is said that ex officio the President of the United States overwhelms his entourage, no matter the personalities. President Milquetoast could, according to this reading, overwhelm Vice President de Gaulle. We shall see. There is nothing in the Constitution that calls for vice presidential docility. These are tradition-shattering times, and though there is no reason to predict it, there may be days ahead that will recall President Jackson and Vice President Calhoun. □

GALBRAITH AND INFLATION

New York, August 26 — Experiencing Professor John Kenneth Galbraith is always a personal pleasure, though one must be on one's guard, and the Republic is wise to steel itself to resist his seductive nostrums. Most recently I met with him to discuss on the *Today* show the disappearance of Richard Nixon. He took huge delight, in a telephone conversation the day before, telling me how much he had enjoyed a column I wrote about deteriorating airline service. Mr. Galbraith's sarcasm is never obscure, and his point was that while Nixon was resigning, I was writing about airline food, and so would he be doing if he had been so retarded as to have backed Nixon in other days. I expected he would bring up the subject on television and am somewhat disappointed he did not, as I was prepared to tell him that there are those of us who, when relaxing, write about the airlines, while others write economic textbooks. But the subject did not arise, and before going on we sat for a minute or two in the little antechamber listening to a lady theologian. I do not doubt that during those two minutes Professor Galbraith doubled his knowledge of theology.

And then it began. Strangely, the subject of Mr. Nixon's perfidies did not wholly occupy Mr. Galbraith, a man of personal generosity not always visible through his polemics. His generosity is most pronounced, come to think of it, when dispensing other people's money (he calls it public money) hither and yon, to improve on the works of nature, and nature's God. And in a matter of moments he was agreeing with *Today*'s attractive new host Mr. Jim Hartz who was agreeing with President Gerald Ford that the country's most urgent problem is inflation. The formulation usually has it: "The Number One Problem."

Professor Galbraith then said that everybody knows what it is that should be done about inflation. The only problem, he says, is to develop the Will. As a matter of fact, this is not correct. Most economists will agree that certain measures would be deflationary in their impact, but by no means could one get most economists to agree on the stresses that are properly put on one as against another anti-inflation measure.

Here, highly compressed, would be Mr. Galbraith's recommendations: 1) Raise taxes immediately, particularly on persons earning $20,000 or more per year, and on corporations. 2) Use the money on public works projects. 3) Impose wage and price controls on critical industries. 4) Stand by to target a lot of help to groups that are afflicted in the course of shaking off the inflationary fat, provided these groups aren't held together by corporations. For instance, be prepared to help out Lockheed employees, but not Lockheed. If you want to keep Lockheed alive, nationalize it.

This is something one might call classical-1930s-liberal. I fear it is very full of holes. Obviously of a political and social character; but even of an economic character; and, of course, there isn't time, ever, to get deeply into the subject. It is perhaps easiest to observe that there are many countries in the world suffering from an inflation even though dominated by one man, or a group of men. Lenin used to say that revolution plus electricity would bring Communism. Will plus expertise won't bring deflation: not in the absence of government restraint.

It is, of course, the government that is responsible for inflation. Mr. Nixon, during his years in office, spent $70 billion more than he raised in taxes. The difference between a dollar spent by Washington and a dollar spent by the taxpayer isn't the difference between one more maple tree at Yellowstone Park and one less empty beer can at the roadside, as Mr. Galbraith likes to leave us thinking. It is the difference between a dollar spent or invested with airy notions of where the common good is or ought to be, and dollars spent with very clear notions of individual preference. These last have a more resonant effect: in causing homes to be built, or skyscrapers, or hospitals—or schools.

The public dollar, beloved of the socialists, is both difficult to target (60 million Americans can now qualify for food stamps), and difficult to restrain (a conservative President overspends by $70 billion). Inflation is indeed the number one domestic problem, and indeed it is true that marshaling the Will is required to contain it. But the will to do what? One fears that Professor Galbraith and other centralizers look on the current mess, which resulted from an overindulgence in their own nostrums, as an ideal opportunity to proceed with their vision of a socialized economy. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Scene of U. S. victory, Mexican War, 1846
19 10 29 36 123 129 153 156 174 179
239 255 267 275 1

B. Scene of U. S. victory, War of 1812, in 1815
35 86 109 137 236 9 240 272 112 56

C. Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Forces in Europe World War II
51 91 3 40 136 43 12 45 140 250

D. Battle scene, American Revolution, 1776
102 83 39 90 127 59 98 68 142 172
184

E. Town in St. Louis County, Minn.
120 190 182 57 209 175 149

F. Battle scene, War of 1812, in 1814
124 4 87 113 216 269 11 27 198 222

G. Song title (English translation: *The Dove*)
141 108 62 194 215 237 119 226

H. Bending readily
152 176 195 160 276 207 61 5 225

I. Part of Normandy invaded by Allies, 1944
213 256 232 218 139 161 242 26 263

J. Type of pastry
247 42 77 81 130 85 188 104 111 114
135 170 191 205

K. Battle scene, American Revolution, 1777
24 22 79 220 99 58 221 103 241 264

L. Athletics director, U. of Mich., 1921-1941
7 46 208 223

M. Creator of the man Friday
49 143 200 63 177

N. French assembly which did not meet between 1614 and 1789
73 2 14 18 82 92 148 273 34 110
122 167 173 193

O. Rating in rifle marksmanship between *expert* and *marksman*
94 115 8 74 33 50 67 16 31 228
84 210

P. Pertaining to a slight or invisible *exhalation or vapor*
132 238 248 48 97 144 252 274 243

Q. A wharf, circus, or oil field laborer
155 44 47 41 138 88 100 150 266 164

R. Father (1807-1884) and daughter (1841-1916) who were educators in Alabama
159 151 233 203 53 254 145 265

S. Town near Nottingham, England
166 202 183 154 146 54 199 121

T. One who shares quarters with others
189 197 212 80 162 125 227 147

U. A *county* in England
206 15 21 32 71 96 126 106 178 76
257 224 230

V. A written declaration upon oath
219 261 271 245 128 157 251 211 234

W. Unknown to fame
259 163 231 246 201 185 214 64

X. To free of lice
134 235 204 249 55 181 268

Y. Any of a series of small pyramidal *ornaments*, usually formed by a radiating arrangement of four sculptured leaves, set close together in a concave molding
186 253 117 158 260 270 165 95

Z. A university, located in a state capital, *founded in 1864*
192 105 133 258 180 244 118 262 171

a. A letter of the Greek alphabet
23 30 37 66 70

b. Irish political leader (1872-1922)
78 107 131 169 187 196 217 229

c. U. S. Minister to Spain, 1825-1829
6 20 25 52 65 69 72

d. A beautiful flower to give to a beautiful girl
60 168 93 101

e. A public conveyance which connects two transportation systems
13 17 28 38 75 89 116

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1058 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 A	2 N	3 C	4 F	5 H	6 c	7 L	8 0	9 B	10 A	11 F	12 C	13 e	14 N	15 U	16 0	17 e	18 N
19 A	20 c	21 U	22 K	23 a	24 K	25 c	26 I	27 F	28 e	29 A	30 a	31 0	32 U	33 0	34 N	35 B	36 A	37 a	38 e
39 D	40 C	41 Q	42 J	43 C	44 Q	45 C	46 L	47 Q	48 P	49 M	50 0	51 C	52 c	53 R	54 S	55 X	56 B	57 E	58 K
59 D	60 d	61 H	62 G	63 M	64 W	65 c	66 a	67 0	68 D	69 c	70 a	71 U	72 c	73 N	74 0	75 e	76 U	77 J	78 b
79 K	80 T	81 J	82 N	83 D	84 Q	85 J	86 B	87 F	88 Q	89 e	90 D	91 C	92 N	93 d	94 0	95 Y	96 U	97 P	98 D
99 K	100Q	101d	102D	103K	104J	105Z	106U	107b	108G	109B	110N	111J	112B	113F	114J	115O	116e	117Y	118Z
119G	120B	121S	122N	123A	124F	125T	126U	127D	128V	129A	130J	131b	132P	133Z	134X	135J	136C	137B	138Q
139I	140C	141G	142D	143M	144P	145R	146S	147T	148N	149E	150Q	151R	152H	153A	154S	155Q	156A	157V	158Y
159R	160H	161I	162T	163W	164Q	165Y	166S	167N	168d	169b	170J	171Z	172D	173N	174A	175E	176H	177M	178U
179A	180Z	181X	182E	183S	184D	185W	186Y	187b	188J	189T	190E	191J	192Z	193N	194G	195H	196b	197T	198F
199S	200M	201W	202S	203R	204X	205J	206U	207H	208L	209E	210O	211V	212T	213I	214W	215G	216F	217b	218I
219V	220K	221K	222F	223L	224U	225H	226G	227T	228O	229b	230U	231W	232I	233R	234V	235X	236B	237G	238P
239A	240B	241K	242I	243P	244Z	245V	246W	247J	248P	249X	250C	251V	252P	253Y	254R	255A	256I	257U	258Z
259W	260Y	261V	262Z	263I	264K	265R	266Q	267A	268X	269F	270Y	271V	272B	273N	274P	275A	276H		

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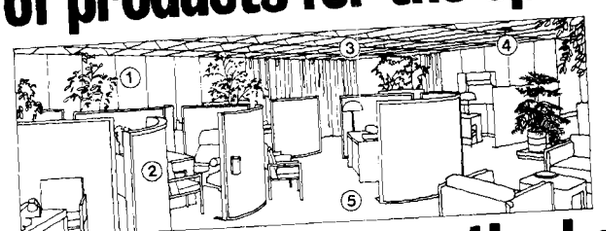

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2. Soundsoak Divider Screens

Screens are an indispensable element efficient open office planning. They provide effective separation of work

*Patent pending

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tions, contribute to acoustical and ual privacy, and add splashes of color he room. Freestanding and easy to ve, they are covered with a tufted-nylon ric in a wide choice of colors which rdinate with the wall panels. Both ved and straight types are available in -foot width, and there is a choice of a - or six-foot height. All models offer im selection of either walnut-finished od or bronze anodized aluminum.

C-60/30 Luminaire Ceiling System

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No single item on our list of national priorities has received more lip service than public transportation.

We face an energy crisis. Our highways are jammed; some days they look more like parking lots than roads. Most cars have only one occupant. Downtown streets are clogged.

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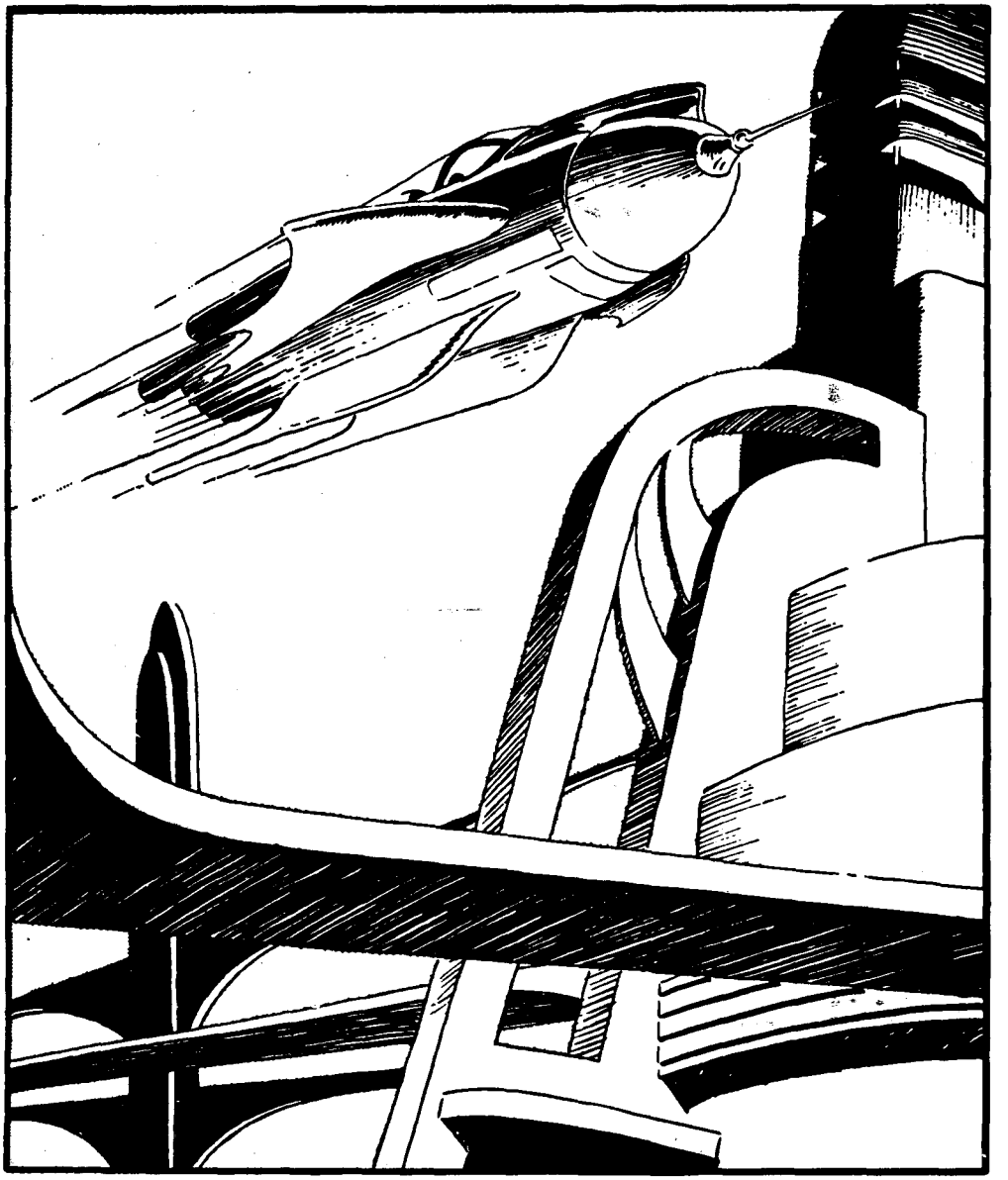
Let's get on with it.



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